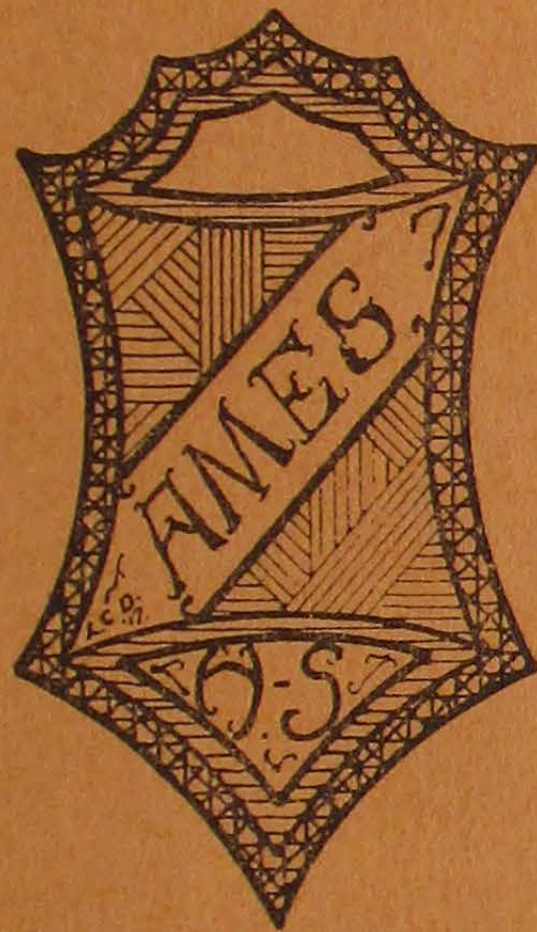


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THE SPIRIT



Thanksgiving
Number

November Twenty-four, Nineteen Twenty-two



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THE SPIRIT



VOL. XII

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

No. 6

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THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING

Darkness was veiling the valley of the St. Lawrence and dark clouds hovered in the sky which gave fair warning that it was going to be a starless and moonless night. The wind was changing to the northeast and the atmosphere seemed to foretell the coming of a snowstorm.

All these prophecies, Mrs. Washington watched with eagerness as she went about her evening chores. To her, the day had been one of pleasure for she had spent it in making preparation for the next day's gaiety—the next day was Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving Sun smiled upon the valley—and fruit cake, pumpkin pies, deep red cranberry sauce stuffed apples and dressed turkey arrayed the pantry shelves. The whole house had been set in order and the fires in the fireplace and the kitchen range burned brightly, filling the home with comfort and welcome.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Washington had harnessed his favorite team and had started out in the sled over the snowclad valley and hills to the nearest town—some ten miles distant—to meet the six o'clock train. They were expecting on this train, their two daughters, Angeline and Marie and their families who were coming to spend Thanksgiving with them. To Mr. and Mrs. Washington this was to be a great event. Six years had glided by since Marie—the youngest had kissed them good-bye and gone to a home of her own. Now no one was left to comfort them and drive away loneliness. How glad they were that the children were to be with them once more for Thanksgiving.

The clock struck six as Mrs. Washington

crossed the threshold after completing her last duty, and already tiny snowflakes were rapping gently on the window pane. She said to herself, "Now they will soon be on their way," and cheerily singing to herself began preparing the evening meal—peering out of the window now and then to see if the storm was growing worse.

Suddenly the wind howled and whistled about the house; the snow beat loudly upon the window pane which indicated the progress of the storm. Mrs. Washington stepped to the door to look out, but the wind caught the door from her grasp and sent it banging against a chair—at the same time sending a gust of snow across the room. She gasped, snatched for the door knob and finally forced the door shut; but only with great exertion. She fell back into a chair.

What was she to do? How were they to get there thru such a storm? But they must be on the road some where and there were only a few houses between their home and Walker—the nearest town. They had no telephone. It was now seven o'clock and they should be half-way home. Thus her thoughts ran as she sat there listening to the storm raging outside and seeming to grow worse every minute.

Eight o'clock came and passed—eight-thirty, and no one. Nine—nine-thirty—no husband—no guests. By this time she was forced to keep busy in order to quiet her nerves. All she could imagine was that they had been swept from the grade by the angry wind and buried in the rapidly drifting snow. She kept both fires still burning brightly and endeavored to keep the supper warm. She also brought from the attic, a

box of old playthings which had been stored there since her children out-grew them, and placed them in front of the fireplace for her grand-children to play with when they came. Tears came into her eyes as she set them down and she sobbed to herself.

Finally, thru worry and complete exhaustion, she fell asleep on the rug in front of the hearth.

The storm suddenly ceased as if by some magic power, but she knew nothing of it. The coo-coo clock from the corner called out eleven, but her sleep went on undisturbed.

The door flew open about midnight and in rushed little Anna Belle and Betty, aged four and five respectively, followed by their mothers. Mrs. Washington stirred in her sleep and when she finally awakened she found, leaning over her, Angeline and Marie; and Betty and Anna Belle were playing with the toys beside her.

"The train was late and we had to shovel snow part of the way home before we could get through," exclaimed Marie as she kissed her mother.

"The men are putting the team away," added Angeline.

Vivian Griffith, '23.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear with just enough chill in the air to put pep into one. The football boys of Cameron High were in great spirits for they were sure of victory over Danfield High, the neighboring school whom they were to play that afternoon.

It was the last game of the season and as both teams had won all their previous games, this would determine who would win the Championship, for all the other teams had been eliminated. The news had been circulating that the Danfield team weren't as honorable as they might be, so the Cameron boys were warned to be on their guard.

The game was to be played at Danfield, so the Cameron team and its rooters were to take the 9-15 train to that town. They were waiting at the station laughing and yelling. Bates, the quarter back hadn't put in his appearance, but the crowd wasn't worried for

he had a wide reputation for getting every place at the very last minute. The train pulled in and contrary to his usual custom Bates didn't come. The crowd was thoroughly alarmed now. Just as the train was about to pull out, a messenger rushed up to Captain Arnold and announced breathlessly, "Jim Bates broke his ankle while running to the station." A wail arose, for Bates was one of the best players. The members of the team didn't say much but they could not disguise their crest-fallen spirits entirely. The train pulled out and the "bunch" finally settled down.

In the excitement of a few minutes before no one had noticed that there were dark threatening clouds gathering in the skies. Therefore they were quite surprised to see the raindrops spatter down, but this time they were determined not to lose their pep and gave the team several rousing cheers.

They arrived at Danfield about eleven o'clock. It evidently hadn't rained quite so hard there so the boys were somewhat encouraged by this. After seeing a little of the town they all went to the cafe where they ate dinner. Then they went to the football field.

The game was called at 2:30. The bleachers were filled with enthusiastic spectators and as the teams came out on the field they cheered wildly. Danfield chose to kick-off and they sent the ball almost to the goal, one of their own men getting it. A few more minutes and they had a touch-down and goal kick. Danfield rooters were hilarious but showed their poor sportsmanship by giving the Cameron team the "Razz." But Cameron wasn't through, in fact they hadn't started yet. The Danfield team, grew too confident at this easy gain and consequently in the second quarter their opponents had tied the score. No more points were made in the first half. The Cameron boys felt better now. The field had been a little wet during the first half, making it more difficult for them particularly on a strange field but the Sun came out during the intermission and dried it up.

The whistle blew and the fight was on again. Cameron kicked off, Danfield got the ball but was stopped in the twenty-five yard line. Cameron was fighting now and

prevented the other team from making gains, thus getting the ball. In the next play a Danfield man was off side, but the line-man who sided with Danfield failed to penalize them. Cameron's team saw this however, and called the referee's attention to it, so Cameron gained five yards. This angered Danfield and brought grim determination to their foes. Bill Raines, Sub for Bates hadn't done much, but he could run, so Arnold at Center, decided to have Raines call his own signals, trusting to Providence for the best. But just then the whistle blew ending the third quarter.

The crowd in the bleachers was wild with excitement. Both sides were yelling themselves hoarse, one endeavoring to out-yell the other. Again the whistle blew and the teams started on Cameron's twenty yard line. Arnold, according to his plan, passed the ball to Raines, who hesitated not a moment, but with a do or die expression written over all his features, dashed through the line dodging this one and that with almost uncanny easiness and at last reached the goal and planted the pig skin over the line.

The people in the bleachers were almost stunned at first because of the unexpected pay, but the Cameronites soon found their voices and the air was filled with shouts and exclamations of joy. To complete their satisfaction Raines, the hero of the hour, made a successful drop kick and added the extra point.

After this Danfield seemed to lose all hopes of victory and while they didn't gain any more they held the others down and the game closed with the score fourteen to seven in Cameron's favor.

So, by playing a fair square game and making the best of many disadvantages, the Cameron team won the State Championship and showed that honesty is always victorious in the end.

Marian Hagen '24.

Convinced of Error

Teddy: "I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning."

Mamma: You see how wrong it was, don't you, dear?"

Teddy: "Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party."—
Western Christian Advocate.

MARGERY'S THANKSGIVING

It was the week before Thanksgiving and Margery Maynard was happier than she had ever been since her mother had died in the spring. When the supper work was finished Margery went into the other room and for the tenth time that day she drew a slip of paper from the table drawer and glanced with a smile at the figures. They still furnished her with a great satisfaction for she slipped them into the drawer and turned with a smile to greet her brother who had just come in from the barn.

Since her mother's death in April, Margery had been keeping house for her father and brother. Farming is not a very prosperous occupation and Margery knew that she could not, that winter, take the time to get to and from school and keep house also. Therefore her prospects for school that year were not very bright. She was an ambitious girl and was planning to go to business college as soon as she could finish high school.

Her father had told her, the night before, that if she could find a way to raise a hundred dollars that he could add to it enough to buy a car. Then it would be possible for her to get to and from school more quickly and to have time for the housework. So she had been very eager to take advantage of her father's offer. At first Margery had been discouraged but during the night she had thought of her turkeys. She had a fine flock of about twenty-five of which she was justly, very proud. This year turkeys were selling especially high and after her figures had for the tenth time, told her that the product of the approximate weight of her turkeys and a certain number of cents per pound, amounted to about \$100, she had made up her mind to sell them all except her old pet gobbler.

Today she had sung gaily while doing her work and had told her brother of her plans. He had been as pleased as she and had promised to help her take care of the turkeys and get them to market.

The Tuesday before Thanksgiving was a bright, clear day. Margery arose early to prepare some of the usual Thanksgiving goodies. She was a good cook and had insisted that all the relatives should come and have Thanksgiving dinner with them, so

that they would see that a seventeen-year old girl was capable of keeping house. She dressed a turkey and made cranberry jelly before it was time to get breakfast for her father and brother.

She hurried to school. The time couldn't pass too quickly for her because she was planning to hurry home and, with the help of her brother, catch all the turkeys and have them ready to take to town in the morning. While she was eating her lunch with some of her girl friends she laughingly promised them a ride on Thanksgiving day.

As soon as she reached home, after changing her dress, she went out to catch the turkeys. They were not near the house or barn nor in the grove. She sprinkled some grain on the ground and called them; but still there was not one turkey in sight. As yet unwilling to believe that the turkeys had been stolen, she went farther out into the fields but there was no use to deny it longer; the turkeys were gone.

On her way back to the house she caught sight of a turkey and her hopes rose high. But they were rudely dashed to earth when she found it was her pet and that there were no other turkeys on the farm.

"Still," she reflected addressing the turkey, "I suppose I can be thankful for you." There were tears in her eyes as she thought of giving up her school. But she brushed them away hurriedly and with a smile went on towards the house.

Yet in spite of her higher courage her heart was very heavy as she got the supper. Her father came in soon and her brother followed but she was too blinded by her sorrow to notice that her brother had on his good suit instead of his overalls. She was unusually quiet as she put the supper on the table and after eating almost nothing she excused herself saying that she had a headache and was going to lie down for a little while.

She walked slowly upstairs and threw herself on the bed sobbing wildly. The cry did her good and after a little she grew quiet; arose and bathed her face and went down to do the work in as happy a mood as possible considering her disappointment.

She was more natural as she stepped into the kitchen and noticed that her brother

had on his good suit. "Fred Maynard," she exploded, "you go change that suit. The cleaner has raised his price and we need every cent we can save."

Her brother laughed, "Oh, come off, Sis! I've got something to show you."

Margery turned to the dishes. "Go away. I'm busy, you tease. If you stay you must wipe the dishes. What is that!?"

The next Margery remembered she was in the living room and at last in possession of a slip of paper which Fred had flashed in front of her eyes just long enough for her to catch sight of her own name. She gazed at the slip incredulously and then transferred her look of amazement to her brother who stood by, laughing.

"Fred Maynard, you wretch, explain yourself and this. Then turning grave she added, "I didn't tell you at supper but all the turkeys except one have been stolen. Why you inhuman creature, to stand there and laugh when my turkeys and school have gone up in smoke."

There was a sob in her voice as she finished and for a second Fred looked bewildered. Then he burst out. "Don't you understand, Sis? You've got your turkeys in your hands."

Then noticing her blank look he continued, "You stupid, you surely do need some more schooling. I heard of a chance to sell your turkey for three cents more a pound in the city so I caught and shipped them and you have a perfectly good check for one hundred and fifty dollars."

Thanksgiving day was indeed a happy day for Fred, his father and Margery. All of the relatives came for dinner and declared Margery to be as good a cook as her mother had been, which was praise indeed. And not one of them noticed that Fred winked at Margery when the turkey was brought in and that Margery smiled back.

Her father had, the day before, brought the new car out to the farm and in the afternoon Margery, who had driven before, took those friends to whom she had promised a ride, for a long drive in the crisp, bright, November air.

She came home, soon after dark with bright eyes and rosy cheeks. As she came into the yard she noticed the cozy appearance of the lighted windows and saw her

father sitting before the blazing fire with one hand gently stroking the head of the great collie; and stoping, for a moment, she thanked God, in her heart, for a father whom she could make happy and a brother who was the best pal a girl could have.

F. J. '24

A THANKFUL THANKSGIVING

Jack Roberts was in France when the Armistice was signed. The folks at home knew he was supposed to be there but they had not heard from him for many months. Mother and "Dad" wondered if he was alive or dead, and if he would get home for Thanksgiving.

Jack had never missed coming home for Thanksgiving before and he surely would not now, unless something very unusual happened. Jack had stayed at home more than the other two boys in the family, and had always helped his mother a great deal. All through High School he had helped her with the work around the home and he had always helped get Thanksgiving dinner, because, he said, she had no girls to help her so the boys ought to. The other boys often joked about it but that made no difference to good-hearted Jack.

When he went to college, he had come home just the same every Thanksgiving to help Mother get the dinner. His brothers and "Dad" often said they wondered what Mother would do if Jack would not come home once.

After Jack was out of college he began his career in a town several hundred miles from home. He succeeded in his business here and won many friends. When Thanksgiving came around there was much to do but he went home just the same.

The war had broken out now and Jack felt that he must fight for his country, for he had no dependents. So soon after Thanksgiving he enlisted, and bidding his Mother and "Dad" good-bye he left for New York.

From there he was immediately sent to France. The folks heard from him in New York and when he reached France, but only once had they heard after that. Then the letter had been censored so much that all they could read was that he was in the

front lines and had saved his "pal" by carrying him, wounded off "No Man's Land."

Mother and "Dad" waited and waited until June and yet no letter had come from Jack. "Dad" said they would surely get one by the next month, but when next month came it was the same way, and the next. Mother had become worried now and had grown a little pale, for she wondered if Jack was hurt or dead.

Each day passed without a word, and each day Mother grew more quiet. This was not like Mother's usual pleasant self and "Dad" tried to cheer her but it did little good.

At last Mother had become so tired that she could scarcely do her work. Then "Dad" began to worry over Mother. He hustled around and tried to help cook but no one but Jack could quite suit Mother's way.

By November Mother had to have some one do the work and all she said was she wondered if Jack would get home for Thanksgiving. "Dad" did his best to help Mother and when he was not doing that he walked to the post office to see if there was anything from Jack. He told Mother that Jack would surely write if he could not get home for Thanksgiving. Mother in a way believed "Dad," but when the day before Thanksgiving came and still no word from him she gave up all hopes of her Jack or even a letter from him.

Mother planned the meal for the next day and had the hired-girl prepare it just as Jack always did.

Thanksgiving morning beamed bright and clear and everything seemed glad and thankful that the terrible war was over. Mother was glad of it too, but deep in her heart she was sad, for her Thanksgiving would not be as it had been other years.

When she knew everything in the kitchen was right she slowly climbed the stairs to her room where she put on her pale lavender dress that Jack liked so well.

Then after she had taken another look in Jack's room which she had fixed as he always had it, she went down stairs, for she heard the boys come. They all kissed her and told her how lovely she looked, but remarked about how much whiter her hair was.

Dinner was ready now and all took their

places around the table, even a place was left for Jack as Mother wished it.

Then Mother thanked God for this day of joy and peace once again, and softly said that she wished Jack might be brought back to her and the family. As the name Jack crossed her lips it seemed like a miracle, for the door softly opened and Jack tiptoed to his Mother's side.

When Mother had finished the blessing and slowly raised her head, Jack bent his and kissed her. Mother's prayer was answered. Jack was the same dear Jack and his kiss meant more than ever before, but somehow something had changed.

By his side hung an empty sleeve. He had not saved his pal's life without sacrifice, and this accounted for the long weeks of worry and anxiety at home.

—Dorothy H. Allen, '24

THEIR FIRST BASE BALL GAME

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had decided to go to the first base ball game that was to be held in the city of Bentonsport. Neither of the women had ever seen a base ball game.

Finally the time came, and Bentonsport was going to play a neighboring town at Bentonsport. The two old women were right on deck.

They sat on the bleachers and watched the game for quite a while, neither saying a word. Finally Mrs. Brown began to talk.

"That man out there in the middle of the pasture sure is a bum player, why he can't even throw the ball so the hitter can hit it."

"I should say he is bum," said Mrs. Jones, "why—oh there he hit it. Look at that man run. Isn't he wonderful. Why what is the matter? They say he's out. When some one does make a good play they put him right out of the game. Why is every one yelling?"

"Our man caught a fly," butted in Mr. Thompson, who was sitting back of the women.

"Caught a fly? Why did he catch it in his hands? I think he is foolish for chasing flies on such a hot day, and to think of him catching them in his hands, why I would use a fly swatter if I were he," replied Mrs. Brown in disgust.

Nothing more was said for some time.

Finally a cry of "Thief, Thief," came from the crowd spontaneously.

"Thief," shouted Mrs. Jones, jumping to her feet and looking around, "Why I don't see any thief?"

"Oh that man out there stole a base is all," replied Mr. Thompson.

"Stole a base? Why the mean thing. Why—he's standing there grinning at the people. Why don't they do something to him? They all seem to like him for it."

"They wanted him to steal it," replied the kind Mr. Thompson.

"Wanted him to? Why I don't think that Baseball is a nice game at all if it teaches boys to steal," answered Mrs. Jones.

Again there was a long silence that was finally broken by a call of "Strike Two."

"What did that caller say?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"That is the Umpire and he said 'Strike Two'" answered Mr. Thompson.

"The Empire? What Empire?"

"No, No; The Umpire of the game."

"Oh I see, thank you. What was the matter then?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"That man out there caught a fowl."

"A fowl? I think it is mean of him to stop right in the middle of the game and catch a fowl. I bet it was one of the neighbor's chickens. Do you suppose he will stop to cook it now. I sure hope not, it is terrible hot out here."

"What is that man doing now?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh he is just stepping up on the plate," answered Mr. Thompson.

"On the plate? Why do they have cups and saucers too? I suppose they will serve lunch pretty soon."

"Oh no, no—it is so hard for you women to understand the game." Just then the game was ended and every one started to run.

"What is every one running for?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"The game is over. It's a tie," answered Mr. Thompson.

"A 'TIE?' Oh is that what they were playing for? I suppose they will take turns in wearing it."

The two women, satisfied with their first base ball game left the ball diamond that afternoon in contentment.—A. M. '22.

ABOUT SCHOOL

EVER WRITE ANYTHING?

Did you ever write anything for the Spirit?"

Most of you can shout "No!" Some few have we'll concede.

Still most every one will agree he would like to see an article he has written, printed. Though in conversation of course they will not admit it.

Did you ever write a story you thought was very good, hand it to your English teacher and have it returned with an E or Very Good? If you did, and most of us have, then was the time you should have let the school know about it and handed it to someone on the staff.

Do you keep your imagination at work and your ears open for gossip? If you do, you're just the sort of a person we like if you put your thoughts on paper and hand them to us.

JOKE BOX

The Joke Box is on the shelf at the north end of the library. Seemingly few people know it if we are to judge from the number of jokes we find there.

To many students the use of that little brown box is a mystery, they wonder, "Do I have to put my name on the jokes I put in." "Do I have to first show them to the joke editor," and all sorts of other outlandish questions, in reply to which we'll say, "All you have to do is find a good joke (or poem) and drop it in the box."

The people who always wonder why there aren't more jokes in the Spirit don't stop to realize that the whole paper is a joke—If there is not enough humor.

Therefore students if you don't want your paper to be a joke, stuff the joke box.

An "X" of Affection.

Little Dorothy (watching mother vote): "You voted for the man you love best, didn't you?"

Mother: "Why, dear?"

Dorothy: "Because you put a kiss after his name."

THE GRINNELL CONVENTION

Lawrence Reis, John Hawley and Donald Acheson, the lucky stiffs, got off Thursday afternoon and Friday to attend the Third Annual High School Press Association convention at Grinnell.

The trip down via Marshalltown proved uneventful in the extreme.

Thursday evening and Friday morning were spent in "Cards," etc. On Friday afternoon the first meeting took place. Several fine lectures were given and the last thing in the afternoon a business meeting was held. Nine people were selected to serve as nominating committee.

Friday evening a banquet was given the delegates, in the Women's Dormitories, dancing was also indulged in.

Saturday morning a business meeting was held, electing Davidson of Burlington for President, Donald Acheson of Ames for Vice President and Miss Whinnery of West High, Secretary and Treasurer.

After this a round table and discussion were held. It was decided to use our exchanges more, and to cut out personal jokes in our papers. Several other matters were taken up while the business section held their meeting.

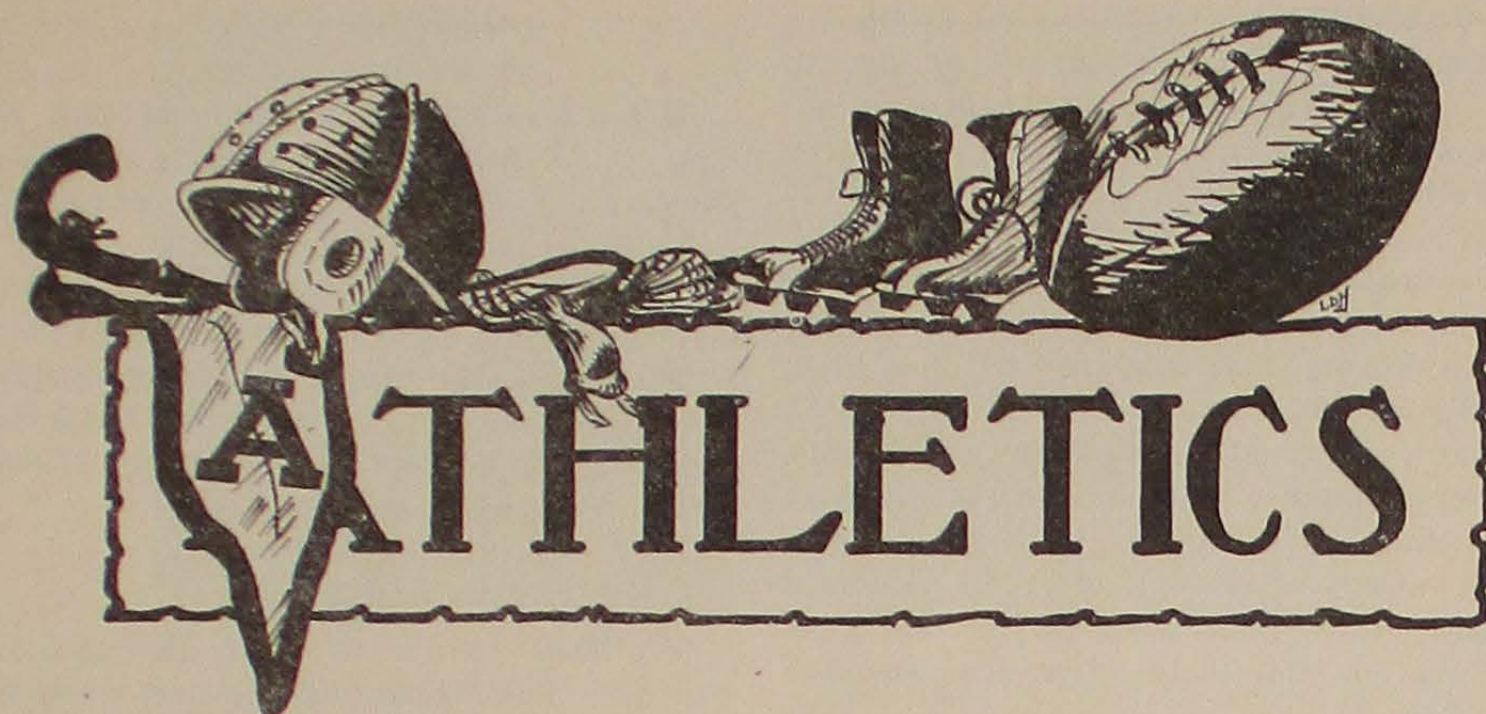
At 2:30 the delegates were entertained at the Grinnell-Cornell football game in which Grinnell was defeated.

Teacher: "What is steam?"

Betty: "It's water gone crazy with the heat."

An after-dinner speaker, before starting his speech, pinned on the inside of his coat pocket the names of those who entered into his talk.

"There are those," he began, "whose names are left indelibly on the pages of history, and among them stands out the 'Father of Our Country; (he opened his pocket)—George Washington. There in the critical time of the Civil War arose the greatest man of his time, namely (he paused and looked down)—Abe Lincoln; and in the present day are the three most outstanding characters of the decade (he consulted his pocket—alas, the paper had slipped)—Hart, Schaffner and Marx."



FOOTBALL REVIEW

Although we can't brag about our football victories we can say that Ames High played hard, against odds and luck. The fact that we won but one game does not tell the whole story and upon looking back we find that no team piled up a very large score on us.

The fact that eight opponents, the strongest teams in the state, were only able to tally sixty-nine points against us, shows our team to be a weak scoring machine, strong defensively.

Story City Game

Saturday September 23rd, Ames played Story City on the State field and met unexpected defeat by the score of 13 to 0. This was a surprise but now we know it was no disgrace for it turned out that Story City had a very good team.

The West High Game

Ames continued its losing streak and lost to West High here Saturday, September 30. It was a hard fought game and the winner was in doubt until the last five minutes of play when West High succeeded in pushing over a touchdown. The game ended 7 to 0 in favor of West High.

We Beat Iowa Falls

Ames won its first game of the season when they defeated Iowa Falls by the score of 13 to 8, at Iowa Falls Saturday, October 7. Ames won by their better knowledge of the rules.

Ames-Nevada

The Nevada game that was played at Ne-

vada on Saturday, October 14, was lost after a hard fight. It looked like it was going to be a nothing to nothing tie until with but three minutes to play they completed a ten yard pass that was good for a touchdown.

We Lose to Boone

Saturday, October 21st, on the State field, after out-playing Boone the first half Ames went down under a 9 to 0 defeat in the final quarters. The team fought hard but seemed to weaken in the last half.

Ames 0—Fort Dodge 0

Ames and Fort Dodge battled to a nothing to nothing tie Saturday, October 28th, at Fort Dodge. It was rather a slow game with neither team showing much on the offense. Howell, Holsinger, and Morris starred for Ames.

Marshalltown Game

Saturday, November 4th, the Young Cyclones lost to Marshalltown, by a score of 19 to 0. This was not so bad as it appears for Marshalltown has a very strong team and are strong contenders for the state championship. Howell, Rew and Carberry starred for Ames.

Ames 2—Grinnell 6

The Grinnell game was the last one of the season and also was one of the hardest fought ones. Three regular players were ineligible but the team played well and would have won if luck had been on our side. The game was played Saturday, November 11th, on the State field.

BASKETBALL PROSPECTS GOOD

With the end of the football season, all eyes are turned towards basketball and everyone is wondering what kind of a basketball team Ames High will have this year.

We are going to have a "humdinger" of a team from the way things look now. Here is the dope. Ames has six "A" men back, namely, Holsinger and Iden centers, Marten forward, Coe, Allen and Morris guards. However, Morris will now be able to play after the first semester because the new eight semester rule has been declared illegal. Other men who played last year but did not win their letter are Copeland and Rew.

Ames is unusually lucky this year in having players enrolled here that played basketball in other schools. Three new men that are very good prospects are: Mays, Shultz and Daubert. Last year Mays was captain of the St. Patrick Academy at Iowa City, while Shultz, from Lacona, was an all tournament forward at the Indianola tournament and Daubert played on the Dubuque team.

The schedule for this year is as follows:

Dec. 22 Jefferson at Ames.
Jan. 12 Boone at Boone.
Jan. 13 Gilbert at Ames.
Jan. 19 Nevada at Nevada.
Jan. 26 Webster City at Ames.
Jan. 27 Gilbert at Gilbert.
Feb. 3 Marshalltown at Ames.
Feb. 16 Story City at Story City.
Feb. 23 Webster City at Webster City.
March 2 Marshalltown at Marshalltown.
March 9 Story City at Ames.

Football Fan: "Anybody's a fool to pay money to see this kind of football."

Second Ditto: "Yes; but no matter what you pay to get in, you always get four quarters back."

I asked a girl to wed, and she said

Go to father;

She knew that I knew that her father was dead,

She knew that I knew what a life he had led,

She knew that I knew what she meant when she said,

Go to—father.

ORGANIZATIONS

Dramatic Club

The dramatic club at their meeting November 17 continued the study of factors of a play. The following reports were given:

"Scenery of a Stage"—Dorothy Allen.

"Costumes and Make-up"—Florence Barr.

"Suggestions for the Coach"—Miss Lynch.

Helen Cagin then gave a reading entitled, "Engine Summer." Following this Katherine Judge gave a current event on "Robin Hood Rides Upon the Screen."

DEBATE

Mr. Mast who is to coach the debators this year has already had several meetings of those interested. The question to be used has not yet been definitely decided and the work now is in elocution.

TO THE FRESHMAN

Ah Little Prep, your kinda small
And kinda bashful too—
You do your work the best you can
Its the only way to do.
Your pretty happy all the time,
You take the digs and jeers
And when the teacher calls you down
It nearly brings the tears.
You seem to be the best of boys
And the best of girls too—
I bet you'll all be happy though,
When this long year is through,
Your all a laughin' at your friends
When the upper kids annoy,
But its seen your kinda scared
Of all the big girls and boys.
I Warn ya just to watch your step
And not insult a one
There's lots of switches growin'
And we must have our fun.
But hold your own with those big guys
And do not show your fear
Cause you have fun a coming
At the start of the coming year.

Lon Link, '24.

Wifey: "Do you think there is a man that could conscientiously say to his wife: 'You are the only woman I ever loved?'"

Hubby: "Only one that I can think of."

Wifey: "Who? You, dearest?"

Hubby: "Oh, no, Adam!"



ALUMNI

The following members of the class of '21 are attending I. S. C.: Mary Reed, Mary Wasser, Agnes Noble, Burnita Burton, Leslie McWilliams, Fred Stoddard, Floyd Scarborough, Mildred Grist, Gertrude Murrery, Margaret Macy and Agnes McCarthy.

Merle VanEpps another member of the class of '21 is taking a business course at the C. C. C. C. at Des Moines.

Clinton Adams is a Sophomore this year at Northwestern.

Robert Murray is in Denver, Colorado where his parents have moved.

'22

Melvina Allen is a stenographer at the Union National Bank.

Durwood Early is attending I. S. C. and taking Industrial Science.

Alice Clark and Blanche Belknap are taking Home Economics at I. S. C. Blanche is showing evidence of becoming a real hockey player.

Maurice Smith, editor-in-chief of the Spirit last year, is attending I. S. C.

Faye Caul is attending Denison University at Granville, Ohio.

Rose Roberson is attending I. S. C., home economics department.

Doris Gray is a stenographer this year at the college.

Violet Field is a reporter for the Ames Daily Tribune.

Dorothy Miller is attending Upper Iowa University at Fayette, Iowa, where she is studying music.

Miss Naomi Eaker, who graduated from

Ames High School two years ago was married to Mr. Fred Eggers, at the home of her parents in Nevada, Friday, November 3rd, at eight o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Eggers will make their home at Fairfield where Mr. Eggers is an instructor in the High School.

Not to Be Trusted

Some years ago in a western state, then a territory, a popular citizen became involved with an influential and overbearing character and killed him.

Public sentiment leaned toward the defendant, but the law was against him, and when the day of trial came, the defendant, his counsel and friends held a consultation, and, fearful of the consequences, they decided that the defendant should plead guilty and beg the court's mercy.

The jury was charged by the court and retired. Presently it returned, and the foreman said:

"We find the defendant not guilty."

The judge viewed the jury in surprise, and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, how be it? This defendant pleads guilty, and you find him not guilty?"

"Well, your Honor, the defendant is such a liar we can't believe him under oath."—
The Progressive Grocer.

There was an old man from Alorum,
He had old pants and he woreum,
He skipped and he laughed
And he felt a side draft
And he knew very well where he toreum.



NEWS

Marjorie Nordstrum returned to school Monday after three weeks absence.

Pauline Smutz went to Des Moines Monday to consult a specialist.

Mrs. Young was called to her home in Cedar Falls on Thursday on account of the death of her father.

Elizabeth Gernes and Marian Hagan went to Boone Saturday.

Marjorie Acheson spent Sunday in Des Moines.

Mabel Lawler was absent Monday morning because of illness.

Lola Griffith entertained several friends at a party Saturday night.

Iottie Winter was in Des Moines Saturday.

Lina Michels spent Sunday in Boone.

Ruth Fuchs spent the week-end with Fern Huntley.

Eva Hennick of Boone visited Doris Sherman last week.

Miss Easter spent the week-end in Greenfield.

Alice Acheson spent Sunday in Des Moines.

Friday night Mabel Lawler had a slumber (?) party at her home. In the morning the girls cooked their breakfast in the woods. They didn't say what they had to eat. I understand the coffee boiled dry.

Geneva Kulow spent the week-end in Kelly.

Mr. Wooters a director of the National Grain Growers Association spoke to the fourth period Economics class Monday, on Grain Growing. He is also an officer in the Iowa Farm Bureau.

Florence Perkins and Dorothy Paisley went to Des Moines Saturday.

Mabel Lawler went to Nevada Saturday.

Miss Miller attended the A. T. O. House dance Saturday evening. She spent Sunday at home tatting.

Miss McCorkindale spent a thrilling week-end in Ames. On Sunday afternoon, Clark Tügen visited her at her new home.

Paul Halloway met with an accident Thursday when he ran into a Paige car with his motorcycle but he received no injuries.

Don Kennedy who has been out of school for the past several weeks on account of illness is now back.

Hiram Roe spent the week-end in Fort Dodge and Humbolt.

Cleo Lockwood, Frank Travers, and Dorothy Thompson, and Lawrence O'Toole drove to Boone Sunday and went to a show.

Ruby Brodwell and Hazel Wasteney drove to Boone Saturday.

Harriet King, Isabell Murphy, Dorothy Dunlap, Helen Alm, and Dorothy Duckworth served at the Chi-Omega banquet Friday night.

Have you noticed, since the cold weather, Mr. Minnick has been wearing his spats.

Paul Halloway drove to State Center on business Saturday.

Anita Sill and Frances Cole went to Des Moines Saturday on business.

The Latin I Class had a spell-down Friday, on vocabulary.

Chester Ide has moved from 621 Duff to 816 Brookridge Ave.

SOCIETY

Thora Moseness and Lola Griffith entertained a group of their friends, Friday evening, November 17. The evening was spent dancing and playing games.

The main attraction of the evening was a

vocal selection entitled "The Sheik," by Tom Carberry. We hear that Frances Cole spent a very profitable evening.

Fruit salad, cake and water was served, and toothpicks if wanted.

The Awinita Campfire met at Angeline Feroe's Wednesday night, November 15. After a short business meeting, the rest of the evening was spent dancing and playing games.

Light refreshments were served by the hostess. The meeting adjourned to meet at Lillian Nelson's November 22.

All the Campfire groups of Ames enjoyed a hike Saturday afternoon, November 18. About eighty girls took part in the Grand Council Fire that was held in the North Woods.

Dorothy Duckworth entertained Marian Hagan, Harriet King, and Elizabeth Gernes Sunday afternoon. Most of the time was spent trying to pull sticky taffy.

COME ALL YE—DUMBELLS

Due to the fact that the six-weeks' tests are over, in which we made such enormous progress, we have decided to inaugurate this contest and intellectual banquet at which all the student body may feast. We'd like to find out what you do know, and incidentally what you don't know. With the expenditure of a great deal of mental energy (nothing else) we have been able to procure the following prizes:

The first prize is a ring (on the telephone).

The second prize is two dozen kisses (candy).

The third prize is a combination toothpick, can-opener, radio-set, and vanity case (vest pocket size).

Note—In case of an even tie for any of these prizes, the customary rule with regard to tied contesting contestants will hold; viz: —no prizes will be awarded.

Anyone who can explain the fourth dimension of Dr. Einstein's theory will be excluded from this contest.

Contest closes at high noon Saturday night.

Use application blank No. 6773284334 AA.

This contest is open only to those of the genus homo.

All students entering this contest will automatically lose their 1st six-weeks' grades.

Make your answers as complicated as possible.

The questions follow each other consecutively in arithmetical progression.

Group 1. General Proficiency

1. How much does a ton of coal weigh?
2. Who wrote the following quotation: "First in war, first in peace, and last in the League of Nations."
3. In what play of Shakespeare's do you find the following: "It certainly is a nice day?" (Anyone answering this question will receive no credit for the examination).
4. Who is the weather man?
5. Is Mother Nature Father Time's Wife?

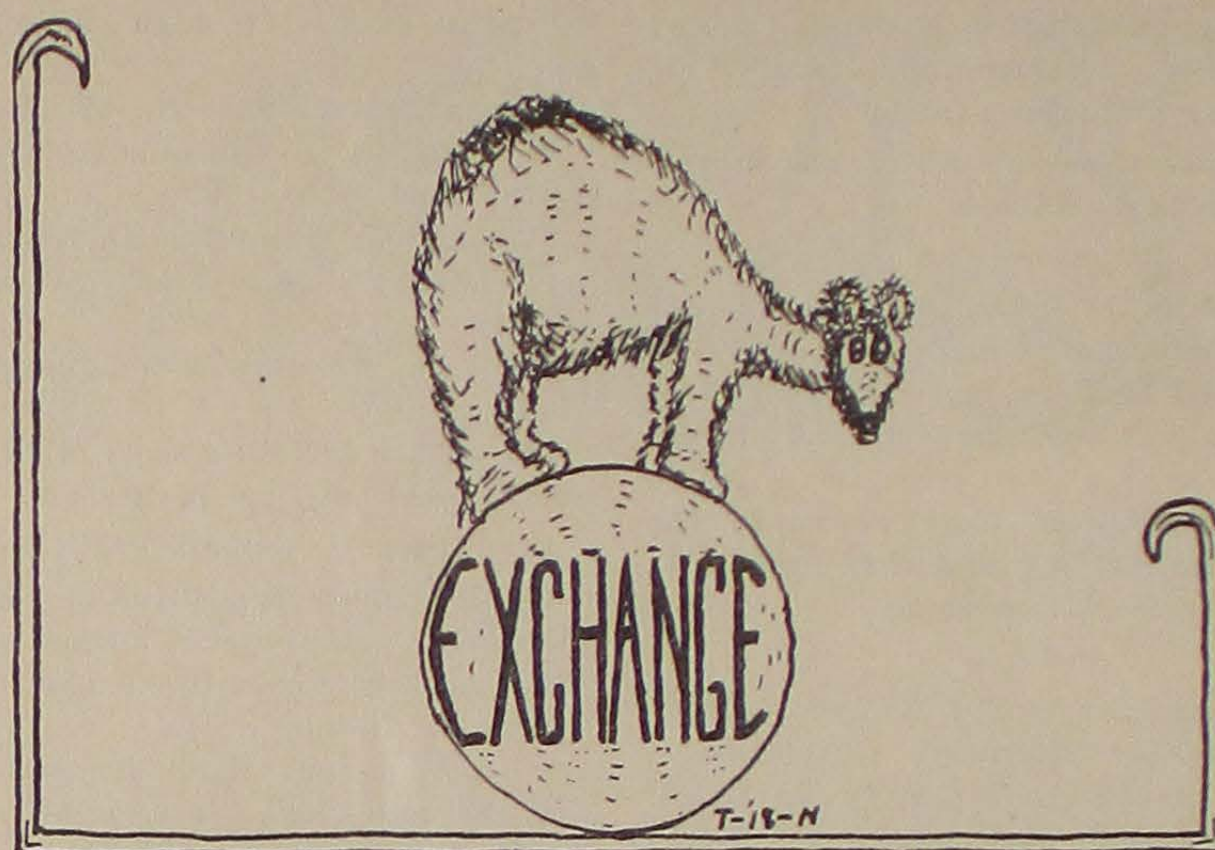
Group 2. General Efficiency.

1. If an automobile goes sixty miles an hour on a rainy day, what is the wattage of a lightning-bug's dynamo?
2. If a clock runs down; stops, describe in detail the process necessary to cause it to resume its chronological activity.
3. If a typewriter breaks down, how far will a locomotive run on a shovel of coal?
4. If an elevator makes three trips a minute, in half an hour, how many feet will it go in a day and a half?
5. Describe a laboratory experiment illustrating the mechanical advantage of the League of Nations.

Group 3. Other Generals

1. Name them.
2. Sing the fifth verse of the Star-Spangled Banner.
3. Do you expect to leave footprints in the sands of time?
4. In what year was the law of supply and demand passed?
5. Who won the war?

All replies should be submitted to Mr. Shaw—S. O. S., who is acting as judge of the contest. The names of the prize winners will not be published as we hate to show the public what a blooming idiot you really are. Let's Go.



The exchange department of the school paper is not only for the benefit of the school paper but for the whole high school, so from now on the exchange papers will be the outer office of Mr. Wygant's office, for the high school to read. Let's be fair with these papers and put them back, for others; probably others want to read them. Let's follow Mr. Wygant's request and be careful not to let the papers get on the floor.

"The Echo"—Luverne, Minnesota

Hallowe'en party well attended, it was a masquerade, anyway by reports every one must have had a good time.

"The Clipper"—Monmouth, Ill.

We are glad to see "Chuck" Welch's (one of Ames High former students) name so well praised by Monmouth High students, especially his athletics.

"The Crucible"—Rochester, Ill.

The school board at Rochester have consented to construct a swimming pool for the High School students.

"The Penn Chronicle"—Oskaloosa, Iowa

The girls of Penn College enjoyed a "Hare and Hound Chase." It proved to be great sport.

"The Needle"—Atlantic, Iowa

The Atlantic High School were fortunate enough to have Governor Kendall speak to them in assembly.

"The Elgin High School Mirror"—Elgin, Ill.

Elgin H. S. to have home-coming dance at High School gym.

"Brookings School News"—Brookings, S. D.

An all high school play is to be given at E. H. S. The play is "The Bluffer." It is to be given November 24th, at the high school.

"The Opinion"—Peoria, Ill.

The November literary edition of the Opinion certainly is a 100 percent literary number.

"The Echo"—Kearney, Nebraska

Girls reserves held a successful luncheon the luncheon was well attended by the H. S. girls. Great interest is being shown toward this organization.

"Newtonia"—Newton, Iowa

Declamatory work, under direction of Miss Clara Larkin is progressing successfully.

"Red and White"—Iowa City, Iowa

Iowa City high school students entertain the Clinton Hi Football team at a mixer.

"Roosevelt News"—Seattle, Wash.

The seniors of Roosevelt High School are giving their senior class play December 15 and 16.

**"The Franklin"—Franklin, Indiana
(College Paper)**

The "Phi Delta Theta" won the Franklin college inter-fraternity swimming meet.

"The Talisman"—Ballard Hi, Seattle, Wash.

"Own Your Own Book" is slogan at Ballard High School in Seattle, Wash.



"Well I hear you've named the twins after our rich aunt, Henrietta."

"But if you named one Henrietta, what did you name the other one?"

"Oh, we named one Henri, and the other, Etta."

My idea of an easy job would be road instructor for a Steamship Company.

An old negro went into a drug store and going up to a clerk, said, "Ah wants one of dem plasters what you puts on your back."

"Oh," said the clerk, "you mean a porous plaster."

"No," said the darkey, "Ah don' want none ob your porous plaster; Ah wants the best one yiu've got."

Try Our Fresh Shipment of
WEBSTER'S FAMOUS FUDGE
LOWRY PHARMACY

The Rexall Store

YOUR MEMORY BOOK

will be priceess to you in later years. Start it now and it will be a lasting pleasure to keep it up. See the line at

REYNOLDS & IVERSEN

Ames News Stand

WHEN THE WAR IS GOING TO END

Absolute knowledge you have none
 My aunt's washwoman, sister's son
 Heard of a policeman on his beat,
 Say to a laborer in the street
 That he had a letter just last week
 Written in the finest Greek,
 From a Chinese Cook in a Texas town
 Who got it straight from a Circus clown
 Of a man in Barneo, who claimed to know
 That his wives seventh husband sisters
 niece
 Stated it in a written piece,
 That she knew when the war was going to
 end.
 When they sign the armistice then will come
 the end.

In his earlier days Mister Brown used to
 play the flute. One day a salesman tried to
 induce him to buy a phonograph and he sug-
 gested to Brown that he play his flute to
 test the machine. After hearing the record
 the flutist said, "Is that what I did,"

"Yes Sir."

"Exactly as I played it,"

"Exactly, sir, isn't it wonderful?"

"You'll buy the phonograph?"

"No," said Brown shuddering, "I'll sell
 the flute."

'Twas midnight on the ocean,
 Not a street car was in sight,
 The sun was shining brightly,
 And it rained all day that night.

'Twas a summer day in winter,
 The snowflakes fell like glass,
 As a barefoot boy with shoes on,
 Stood sitting on the grass.

'Twas evening and the rising sun
 Was setting in the west,
 And the little fishes in the trees
 Were huddled in their nest.

While the organ peeled potatoes
 Lard was rendered by the choir,
 And as the sexton rang the dishrag,
 Someone set the church on fire.

"Holy Smoke!" the preacher shouted,
 In the rush he lost his hair.
 Now his head resembles heaven,
 For there is no parting there.

The REASONS

Why We Like to Sell

Whitman's
CANDIES

1. We think they are absolutely the nicest candies we know of.
2. They have the largest assortment of packages to select from.
3. They come direct from Whitman's to us, to you—no jobber or middleman to hold them a week or two.
4. Always the same, fresh, good and pure.
5. They are a business people, with business methods. If at any time you should happen to get a package that for any reason does not please you, they back us in making it right.
6. We know you are better satisfied when you get a package of Whitman's.
7. Last, but not least, they are the makers and we are the sellers of the world's greatest package of candy—THE SAMPLER.

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DRUG STORE

Drugs, Paints, Kodak and
 Photograph Supplies
BOSWORTH DRUG CO.
 134 Main St.

DEW

Drop in and hear the latest Vocalian hit played on the Wonderful Cheney.

BALDWIN PIANOS CHENEY PHONOGRAPHS
VOCALIAN RECORDS

Adams-Henderson Furniture Company

Telephone Comedy

Heard over the telephone:

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes; what's your name?"

"I say my name is Watt."

"You're Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Will Knott."

"Why won't you?"

"I say my name is Will Knott."

"Oh, I beg your pardon"—then you'll be in this afternoon if I come around, Watt?"

And they rang off.

Overheard at track meet:

He (admiringly): "That man broke three records last week."

She: "The careless brute! I wouldn't let him play my victrola."

Miss Jones (in History III): "Where did the Dutch settle in Africa?"

Rudolph S.: "On Cape of Good Hope or Cape Cod." (Laughs from the class).

Rudolph S.: "Anyway, it was on some cape or other." (More laughs.)

Miss McCorkingdale: "The English traded glass, beads and little bells with the Indians for furs."

Pupil: "What did the Indians want with little bells?"

Grace Stevens: "Why, they put them on their goulashes, of course."

JOEL E. CAGWIN.
MANUFACTURING PHARMACIST
AMES, IOWA.

Say It with Flowers

THANKSGIVING DAY

F. J. OLSAN & SONS

Flowers for all occasions

Mouse: (After licking up the leakings of a whiskey barrel).

"Now bring on your cats."
T'was the nite before Xmas
And all thru the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung
By the window with care,
They'd been worn for six months,
And they needed the air.

A man, upon registering at a hotel, asked the clerk what hours they served meals.

The clerk replied, "Breakfast is served from seven to eleven; Lunch from eleven to two; tea from two to five; dinner from five to eight and supper from eight to twelve."

"My gosh man," replied the stranger, "When does a fellow have time to see the town?"

Child: "Father, you were born in California, you say?"

Father: "Yes, my son."

Child: "And mother was born in New York?"

Father: "Yes, my son."

Child: "And I was born in Indiana?"

Father: "Yes, my boy."

Child: "Well, dad, don't it beat the Dutch how we all got together?"

Bill: "That's a bird of a new building we have."

Jie: "Yes, I noticed the wings."

December
GENNETT RECORDS
now at

Nelson Electric
Company

Leather Pushers Twin Star Mon., Tues

"LEATHER PUSHERS"

from

H. C. WITWER'S
Famous Prize Ring Stories in
"Collier's Weekly"

featuring

REGINALD DENNY

as

KANE HOLLIDAY

alias

"KID" ROBERTS

in his quest for the heavy-weight
championship!

Many of you have read these wonderful stories—now you can see the famous Witwer Characters actually in action!

NOTE.—This is not a serial, but a series of the greatest short stories ever screened.

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Artists

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Cards

Kodak Albums

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(Opp. Princes Theater)

Artistic Picture Framing

Kodak Finishing

Whitman's, Cranes and Huyler's

Box Chocolates

THE
CHOCOLATE
SHOP

Luncheonette

Fountain Service

An advertisement in a newspaper reads:
"For sale: Bakers business, good trade,
large oven, owner's been in it for twelve
years."

The ball room is gleaming with brilliance
and light,
Of beauty and wealth there's no lack;
But there isn't a woman in all that vast
gathering,
Who has a whole dress to her back!

If you take a girl home from a dance
at 2 a. m. and she invites you in, politely
refuse and send me her address.

He who sitteth on a red hot poker shall
rise again.

Woe unto him who has to walk for he
shall wear out his sole.

We love our teachers like cats love water.
No John, that can't be a garter snake
why it's not half big enough.



Overcoats You'll Like Moderately Priced

You'll like the styles, big, burly Ulsters,
either with half belts or belts all around.
You'll like the rich colorings, the plaid pat-
terns on the reverse side of the cloth. And
you'll like the way they wear a long time after
you've forgotten the price you paid.

THEY'RE VERY REASONABLE

\$17.50 \$27.50 \$37.50

TILDEN'S STORE *for* MEN

BUY
YOUR



XMAS TOYS FOR THE KIDDIES
and
GIFTS OF UTILITY FOR OLDER FOLK
from

Hagen & McCormac

In Geometry class a boy says A B is identical to A B and the teacher asked him why. Because it looks almost the same he replied.

Fifth Period Study Hall:

Lon (looking at board): "Spirits out at noon."

Edith (listening to radiator rattle): "Sounds like they are trying to get out now."

In chemistry, Paul Edwards and Glen Raebuck were discussing which one had performed the most experiments. Said Glen, "I've done six," said Paul, "But I've done six that I remember."

Chas. D.: "Where did you get that hair net, at the dime store?"

Mabel Lawler: "No, this came from Texas."

Chas. D.: "Good for him."

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—— Money ——

CLASSY SUITS

—— AND ——

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OSBORN'S

New Store for Women

Coats and Dresses of the Better Kind

You'll get a lot of joy from the fine tailoring in these garments. You'll get new satisfaction, too, in the long wear and the style that stays good looking.

There are many wonderful garments in our new stock, fair examples of what new buyers and new designers can produce when their heart and soul is in their work.

Come in and see—it will be worth your while.

Lynch & Ash Bldg. Ames, Iowa



Thanksgiving

Be Thankful
You Bought
Your Clothes
At
Martin's

From our generous stock of
CLOTHES FOR YOUNG
MEN we give you the best
in style and quality in new-
est model suits and plaid
back overcoats.

Remember Martin's for the Season's Smartest
Clothing for young men, and younger men, at prices
that are right.

We thank you for your unceas-
ing patronage of past seasons.

GUS MARTIN

Pay Less

Dress Better

No Existing Ames High Spirit Vol. 12 No. 7-12

1923

THE SPIRIT



January Nineteen, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-three



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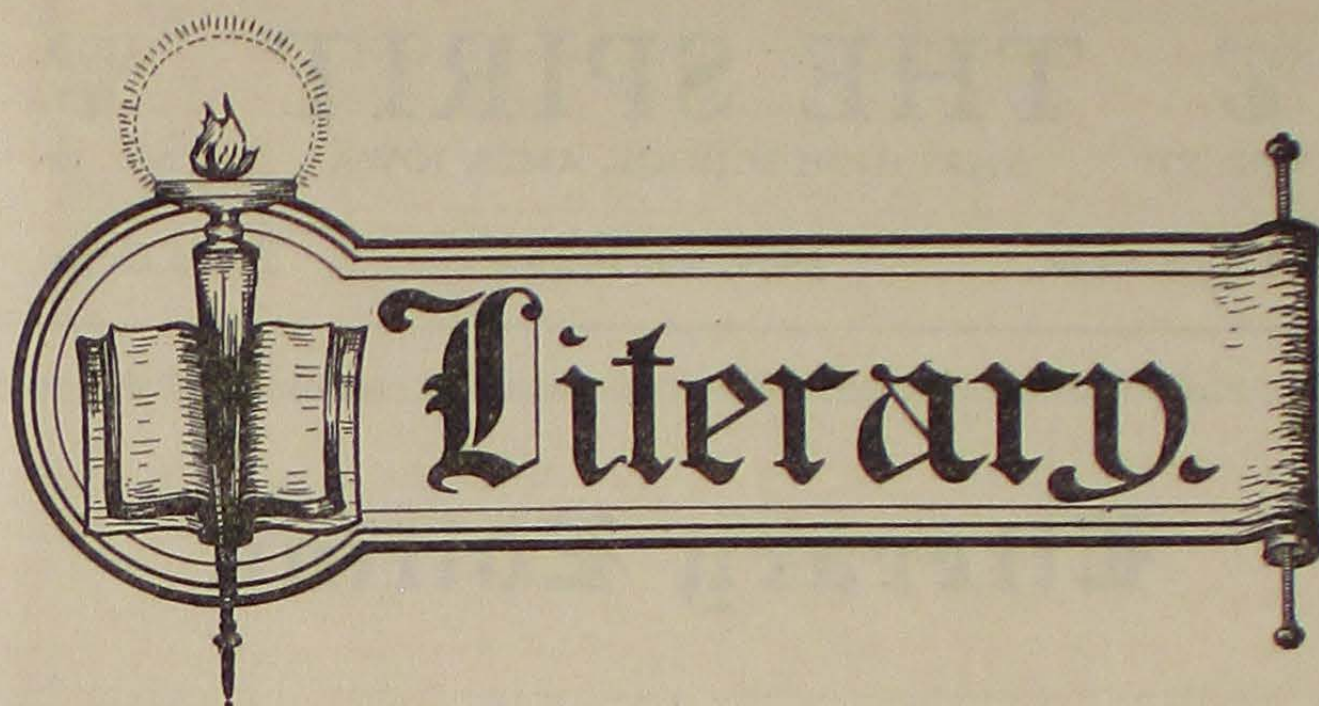
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ONE GOOD SPORT!

(First Prize)

A group of girls stood laughing and talking at the top of a long, steep slope dipping toward the wide frozen river. The hill had been the meeting place for skiing and tobogganing parties since skis and toboggans had been invented. This Saturday was no exception to preceding ones and the crowd was happily receiving its thrills and spills. Then scrambling good-naturedly up the hill, covered with snow, to repeat the experience with undaunted by former mishaps.

One girl stood apart from the rest and cast longing yet frightened eyes on the merry group of her schoolmates. She had been in Clarinda high school for three months and no one had invited her to skate or slide. Not that she wanted them to! She had a fearful horror and a terrible dread of flying down hill as the rest did or skating; when a vision of icy water closing over her head flashed in her mind a cold, clammy darkness seemed to overwhelm her.

No one noticed her and she wondered why. Then she was enlightened but not in the way she had expected nor in a very pleasant way. The words came to her on a gust of wind.

"Alicia Bradford! She's no fun, no sport; don't ask her."

And that wasn't all. Another voice added, "She's a regular 'fraid cat."

The contempt of the speakers made her

alternately hot and cold. So that was it. She was no sport, no fun and a 'fraid cat."

Perhaps, for Alicia Bradford, the determination to "show" them was the best thing possible. Those words were bringing out traits of her character, hitherto unknown, and she did things that before had seemed impossible.

The first impossible act was to speak boldly to the boy who owned the largest toboggan, asking him that she might be the last one on the toboggan on its next trip. She scarcely believed it to be her own voice that so firmly told him she could stick on—Even then she little realized how difficult her task would be.

They were off, and she with them, her face white with fear and strained with her determination. It was not possible; she was dreaming; the blurred objects flying by were only the forms in some horrible nightmare! Then suddenly there was a bump and it was only with extreme difficulty that she managed to remain on the toboggan. She knew that this was only the first of a series of bumps and she renewed her grip preparing for the worst. She had a horrible vision of being thrown off in the path of the toboggan following and being crushed beneath while it rushed on with its merry load.

Then came the second bump. It was only by some miracle that she found herself still on the toboggan and traveling with even greater rapidity—down and down. Her

hands grew more numb and her mind became a blur, but she instinctively held on.

There were more bumps and then the toboggan slid smoothly out across the wide river. Her horror and fear were renewed as she thought of the freezing water beneath the ice from which there would be no escape once she was plunged into its black depths.

The speed of the toboggan lessened and at last it came to a full stop. It seemed wonderful to Alicia that the ice did not open and swallow them all like a hippopotamus or some other equally monstrous animal. Then her fevered mind woke to the fact that she had come down the worst slide, on the largest toboggan as the last one and had come unharmed.

Some one was speaking to her. What was it they said? It couldn't be true but the words came, however, and from the most popular girl of the "bunch" whom Alicia had humbly worshipped and adored from afar.

"You're the best sport! Why most girls would be scared to death to come over that slide as the last one on the toboggan. Come, hurry so we can go again. You sit next to me this time and let one of the boys stay at the end."

Alicia reached the top of the hill in a half daze and before she had time to consider any horrible thoughts she was off again with the rest. This time she was next to the adored Betty who chattered gaily and Alicia's fearful nightmare became a lovely dream. Betty had invited her to a skating party which she was planning for the next week and had offered to teach her to skate before that time.

The next day and several nights after school in the next week Alicia made valiant efforts in learning to skate with Betty as her gay but patient teacher. She fell and came up smiling, chattering as happily as the rest. But the climax came when she again overheard some conversation relating to herself. This time the words brought a glow of happiness to her eyes.

Alicia Bradford, sure; and to think that I once said she was no fun," said one. My mistake, she's one good sport."

Alicia had won. She had shown them and

was now one of the happy group but she was most happy because she knew that fear could never again clutch her with its grasping hands and make her a "fraid cat."

—Frances Jones, '24.

THE SLIDE

(Second Prize)

It was late afternoon of a warm winter's day toward the end of the reign of King Cold. Madge paused on the side of the mountain she had been climbing. Far down in the valley she could see the village with the lazy smoke drifting from the chimneys. Farther up the mountain were the railroad and long bridge, crossing the river. It was on account of this river that she was so far from the town, Madge reflected.

During the winter the children of Grosset had tobogganed down the mountain side and across the river. But yesterday the river, already protesting against its prison walls, had broken free proclaiming to the hopeful Grosset world that it would freeze no more and tobogganing was over for that year. So Madge had come to get her sled.

She had one regret. That she had never gone by the upper slide. This slide crossed the river at a narrow point where one bank was considerably higher than the other. You flew through air, landed on the other bank and went on down the mountain. But one boy's sled had fallen to the ice, and he had broken his arm. After that no one was allowed along the upper slide.

As Madge gathered her sled ropes she heard a roar in the direction of the river. She looked that way and saw an enormous cake of ice and snow, torn from the mountain side, shoot down the river. In another moment it hit the long bridge. Nothing could withstand that force; the pilings gave, the bridge crumpled, and much of the ruins was swept downstream.

Then as Madge watched fascinated, she saw a thin line of smoke on the other side of the river. The passenger train! It took it twenty minutes to reach the bridge. If only—Madge threw herself on her sled, gave a push and was off. With a swiftly beating heart she directed it along the upper slide. With rapidly gaining speed it neared the

river. The trees flashed by, then the river! That swift, gray river. Then the other bank. The sled hit it halfway down. Madge grabbed wildly at some roots. There was a splash and the sled sailed downstream leaving Madge hanging to some roots. She pulled herself on the bank.

The dusk had fallen. Quickly she gathered some dry pine boughs and, stumbling, falling, rolling, she reached the track. But she had taken longer than she thought. With numb fingers she searched her pockets for the matches she knew were there. Finally she found them and lighting her pine needles, waved the flaming boughs. Through the falling night the headlight of the train gleamed like an angry eye. It grew larger and larger and Madge jumped for the embankment.

There was a roar of wheels and a creaking of brakes as she rolled down the hill. A moment later icy water seemed to be smothering her. She tried to swim but the current was too swift. She was jammed into something. Her arm was killing her—then everything was black.

It was some time later when Madge became conscious. She was warm and comfortable and very drowsy although her arm still hurt badly. She closed her eyes for a moment, then curiosity overtook her. She opened them again. She seemed to be in a pullman berth. Wonderingly she pushed the button. A moment later a grinning porter stuck his head between the curtains.

"What you want, missy?"

"Where am I?" asked Madge.

"You is on the train. The engineer, he climb out and rescue you where you get caught in that ole tree."

"But my arm?"

"That is broke, missy, but there is a doctor on the train and he set it. You is mighty lucky, ma'am, 'caus the town being on the other side of the river, you can't get home 'til they build a new bridge."

But Madge had not heard it all. Drowsiness had overcome her and she had gone to sleep.

"I hope you-all has sweet dreams," said the porter, and left. —Muriel Agg '25.

THE SNOB

(Third Prize)

It was on Friday night—a dark and silent Friday night in late March when Clark Danielson, Junior in the Radcliffe High School, sauntered lazily down Dawson avenue toward the beautiful home of "Puss" Baxter. He walked with the air of one who condescends—of one who has for a period of a few years stopped to the level of mere humanity but who will soon raise himself above the common race of people. Every line of his graceful figure as he nonchalantly lighted a cigarette bespoke more plainly than words, the fact that he was a snob—a cad. But Clark had ample reason for his snobbishness for he was one who is gifted with dark eyes—shaded by long lashes. Whose hair is always smooth and shining like polished ebony, and whose every glance and movement is watched with malicious eyes by those of his own sex but who dazzles to blushing wonder those of the fair and clinging type upon whom he chances to gaze.

The great clock boomed the hour of eight as he reached the long poplar drive which led to the Baxter mansion. At exactly half past eight he lay bruised, disheveled and shaken inside the old La Rue house which had for many years been uninhabited save by the murderous spirit of Jason La Rue. He heard the heavy door slam behind him and he realized with a shudder that his masked captors were gone and that he, Clark Danielson, was alone—twenty miles from home in the terrifying and uncanny silence of a haunted house.

For a moment he stood dazed by the suddenness of it all and then by force of habit he reached for his cigarette case. It was gone. His matches all but one were gone and in their place was a slip of paper. He unfolded it and by the flickering light of the lone candle he read, "When you are ready to listen to reason, yell." He tore it in bits and threw it to the floor.

"Gosh," he ejaculated, "Some poor fool is trying to scare me. I'll show th—" At this moment a shot was fired, a glass above him crashed and a blazing light filled the room, but instantly died away and left him choking

with sulphur fumes. Weird noises came from above and around him and he tried to whistle but the notes seemed far off and strange. He started to move about the room, to find in some dark recess a means of escape from his horrible prison. Suddenly he tripped, a table fell upon him, and he felt the terrible tingling of an electric current which shook his whole body. He tried to loosen his foot but only succeeded in overturning chairs and crashing glass. Shrieks, wild and shrill, sounded near him and loud shots followed each other in quick succession. The suffocating fumes of sulphur were slowly choking him and in that moment of mental and physical anguish he emitted a cry of fear and agony. It was the cry for mercy which comes from the lips of the conquered.

In a moment he had been lifted to his feet and in the dim light of a lantern he beheld the grim faces of his classmates.

With a voice which wavered he swore secrecy to the terrible joke and with a hand which shook with emotion he signed his name to a pledge which insisted that he drop his snobbish way, his hard look of condescension and his flirting. In short, he was to be a real fellow. Then in silence the boys drove swiftly back to town.

Radcliffe High School saw no more of Clark Danielson that year but the next fall he appeared tanned and hardy in corduroy trousers and flannel shirt. His eyes no longer held the cold condescending look. He went out for football. He had learned his lesson and had come out a real fellow.

—Isabelle Little, '24

"IT PAYS TO HAVE A GIRL"

(Honorable Mention)

Sandy, Captain of the Hillwood basketball team, had left his basketball shoes at the High School gym, five blocks away, and the Interurban, which was to take the crowd to Bradbury for the game that night, was due in ten minutes.

Sandy determined that he could not play without them, started back.

"Aw, come on, Sandy," yelled the crowd, "Let 'em go. You can't make it."

"Yes, I can," Sandy answered stubbornly,

"If I'm not back you go on. I'll get the next car and get there in time. I don't care if I do miss my supper." And Sandy went on without stopping.

The janitors were still at the building, finishing up the cleaning. Sandy raced in to the gym and hunted some time before he found the shoes. When he came out, the hall was dark, but thinking only of reaching the Interurban in time, Sandy raced down the hall and pushed against the door.

The door was locked! The janitors, not knowing Sandy was there, had gone and locked the door.

Sandy raced back to the south door and to the east, but all were locked. He tried all the doors of the recitation rooms on first floor, but they were locked. He thought of getting out some window but every door on the second and third floor was also locked. It was no use, he could not get out.

He came back down stairs and stood by the entrance a moment trying to get his breath and think of something else to try.

Just then Old Janitor Brown, who had gone down town before going home, went by.

Sandy pounded on the door so frantically that the janitor finally looked that way. He rushed up and unlocked the door with such a domb-founded look that Sandy was forced to explain his reason for being there, and tell him how thankful he was for being let out.

"There's the Interurban," shouted Sandy, and raced down the walk, leaving the janitor staring after him.

Sandy barely reached the Interurban and swung himself up on the steps before it started. Sinking down into the nearest seat, he drew a big sigh.

"Gee, that was close!" He spoke half aloud. "I thought sure we were going to have to lose to old Bradbury Academy, and we can't afford to do that after we've defeated them for three years."

Just as Sandy had gotten his breath again and was thinking about the way the boys were going to play, the Interurban came to a stop with a jerk.

"Well, what the?" muttered Sandy.

"Something's gone wrong and we can't go

EDITORIAL

WORK NOW—PLAY LATER

(For Seniors and Freshmen only)

Semester Examinations are now the very latest thing in school work. How we finish this semester and start the next will determine whether the final few weeks of school in the spring will be drudgery or pleasure.

The Senior, to whom this most refers, always has plenty to do aside from regular school work, the few weeks just preceding the receiving of his sheep-skin. If he loafes on the job now he finishes the semester in a jumble, back work is piled up and does not receive proper attention, consequently grades fall and graduation is endangered. On the other hand, the Senior who labors now is doubly repaid for his efforts in the spring, and he can then attend the senior activities free of care.

To the Freshman, good hard work now may mean even more. The entire, Sophomore and Junior years may be required to redeem the knowledge lost by an ill spent period of six weeks now.

Most Freshmen have an ambition or to say the least a desire to preform in athletics before their education is complete but they will find their course blocked if they must continually battle against crowding school work and ineligibility.

A famous wit once said, "Good start, good end:" He probably didn't have Freshmen in his mind when he coined that but it is certainly fitting. Take a good foundation, Freshmen and the pleasure of school will increase as your learning advances.

A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT IS NOT NARROW-MINDED???

In our day and age anyone who seeks to restrain our pleasure is classed as narrow-minded, simply because he can see no good in a particular means of enjoyment.

Now if we class him as narrow-minded because he cannot see the benefits of a certain amusement, certainly then we must class ourselves very broad-minded, if we can see the good in it.

High School students of today greatly dislike a person they class a narrow-minded, but now lets stop and think if this is really the practical way of looking at the matter.

We have known students in A. H. S. who classed all our parents and elders narrow-minded because they were inclined to look with disfavor upon certain pastimes of the younger generation. Ask a person of this type to attend a movie, and he would be ready in a moment, suggest a dance and he is forever willing, suggest study and his ardor cools, suggest work and his whole attitude is one of laziness, propose attending a debate and he laughs at the thot, suggest a declamatory contest and he declares it is outlandish, yet in his own esteem he is a broad-minded individual.

He is not, in fact we are inclined to class him as the most narrow-minded of all people.

The kill-joy type condemns only those things that are questionable, while a person of the other type accepts the questionable things and condemns the higher things in life. From this there is only one conclusion We can draw, it is this:

"The average High School student of today is extremely narrow-minded."

NOTICE

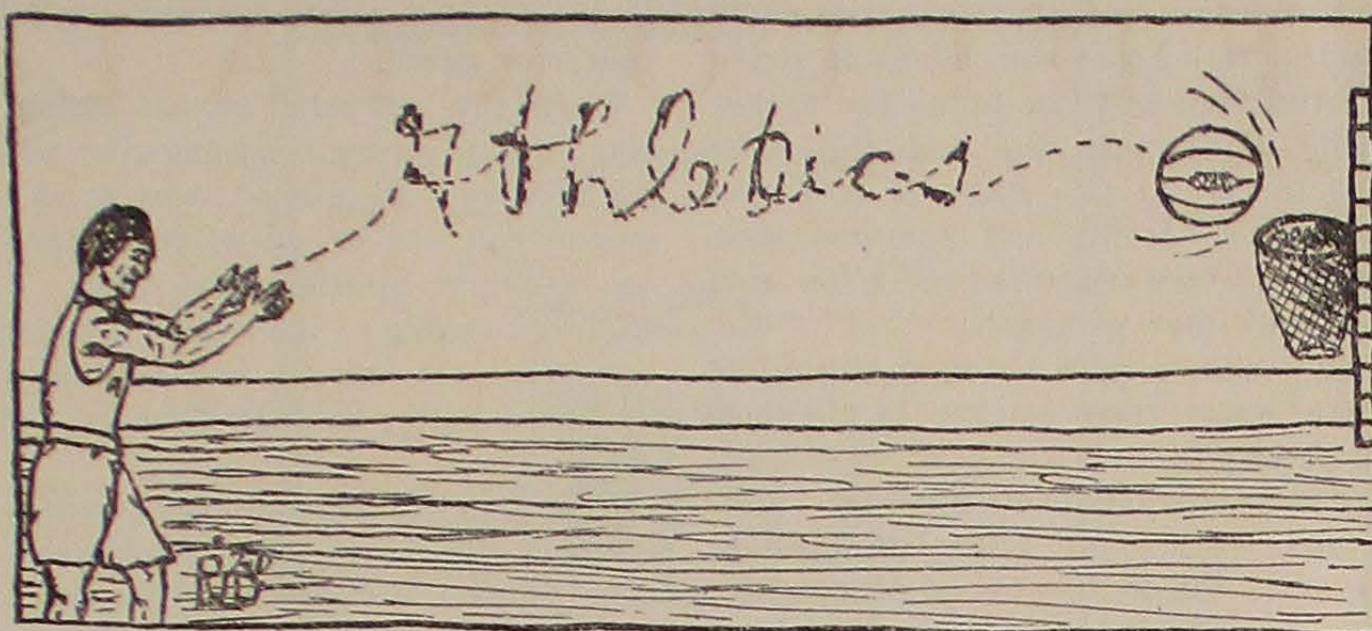
Due to the fact that there will be no regular school during examination week, there will no publication of "The Spirit" on Friday, Jan. 26.

"The Spirit" will make its first appearance next semester according to regular schedule on Friday, Feb. 2.

Automobilist (Faintly, after accident)—
"Did I break the record?"

Doctor—"Yes; you have seventeen breaks and four fractures."

One more noble lad has been added to our Hall of fame. "Peely" Jameson makes basket in the Gilbert game. "What has come upon this cruel earth?"



BOONE HANDS AMES FIRST DEFEAT DUKE WILLIAMS MEN PUT GAME AWAY IN FINAL PERIOD.

Friday night, January 12, Ames went down to defeat at the hands of Boone on the Boone Court to the tune of 20 to 6.

Ames put up a brilliant fight during the first periods and although Boone drew first blood when Chapman dropped one thru the loop from near the center of the floor, Ames soon took the lead when Coe planted one in the basket and Martin followed with a free-throw. However Ames did not enjoy this scant lead long for Boone again found the basket from field, and Schraeder made three tosses good from the foul line.

Although Ames was trailing 7 to 3 in the rear at the end of half, the young Cyclones clearly excelled in floor work and had more good shots at the basket than did Boone.

After the intermission, the Red and Green inserted Barney Holst into his usual place at running guard, and from then on they had considerably the best of the argument.

Boone started the scoring in this period, when they sank three from field and ran their total to thirteen, before Ames advanced to four, when Coe scored over the free throw line.

Captain Morris of Ames was forced to leave the floor with four personals, and Barney Rew filled his shoes at guard.

Boone scoring continued and Lamb and Chapman ran their total up to twenty before the final gong.

The floor work of Martin of Ames was of

the highest type, and he continually had the Boone team guessing to stop his dribbling.

Coe of Ames was always dangerous to the Boone defence and led the scoring for Ames with one field goal and three free throws.

The line-up and summary follows:

Boone 20		Ames 6
Lamb	R. F.	Martin
Chapman	L. F.	Coe
Lamb	C.	Iden
Holst	R. G.	Morris
Schraeder	L. G.	O. Roe

Substitutions, Ames—Rew for Morris.

Referee—Sherman.

LOCALS TROUNCE GILBERT FIVE. AMES QUINTET STAGES LATE RALLY TO WIN.

With the score knotted 9 to 9 at half time the Ames basketeters came back strong in the final period and handed Gilbert the small end of a 28 to 14 count.

At the start Iden got the jump on his rival, Morris dribbled thru the defense and sank the ball for the initial counter in the first thirty seconds of the contest. Gilbert then followed with a free throw and forged into the lead when Orning, Gilbert forward, found the basket.

The remainder of the half was a see-saw affair with Ames holding the lead most of the time.

The two teams looked about even this half; however, Ames managed to cage four field goals to two for Gilbert.

After the intermission Ames came back

fighting and soon ran their total up to 16 to Gilbert's 11. Ames now hit their stride and Martin, Iden and Coe found the basket repeatedly until near the end the score stood 26 to 11. At this stage, L. Allen relieved Iden at center and Jameson took Coe's place at forward, when the latter was removed with four personals.

Jameson made a good account of himself and sank Ames final marker in the last minute of play.

The line-up and summary follows:

Ames—28		Gilbert—14
Martin	R. F.	Askelson
Coe	L. F.	E. Orning
Iden	C.	T. Gilderseive
Morris (C)	R. G.	Marsden
O. Roe	L. G.	J. Gilderseive

Substitutions: Ames, Allen for Iden, Jameson for Coe, Gilbert, Peterson for T. Gilderseive; A. Askelson for Orning; T. Orning for Marsden. Referee, Sherman.

Field goals, Ames: Iden 3, Coe 3, Martin 3, Morris 2, Jameson.

Gilbert: Orning 2, Askelson. Free throws: Ames, Martin 4; Gilbert, Orning 7.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS BRIGHT SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

Although the football season is a thing of the past and it will be many months before the pigskin artists again resume practice, dopesters are already mapping out the 1923 season.

Most students take a pessimistic attitude but Coach Larson feels quite otherwise as do other close followers of the team.

It will be remembered that during the last season Ames had two very evenly matched teams, one composed chiefly of letter men and seniors and other composed mostly of new material, however so evenly matched were these teams that an observer of a scrimmage between the two could not pick the varsity.

From the latter and partly from the former Ames will pick her 1923 varsity. From the former five letter men, J. Carberry, Morris, L. Allen, Martin and Roe, remain and should form a nucleus for a powerful team. Carberry, Morris, Martin, and Roe will no doubt make strong bids for their old posi-

tions and Allen would perform well at either center or guard.

From the powerful second string many stand out as strong candidates for positions. Jameson ran the second team most of this season and will be a leading contender for the generals position next year. Frashe, who was unable to show his wares until the last game this season will also be after a backfield berth, as will Thurber and Gale Allen.

Line candidates will be plentiful with Daubert, Starkey, Aplin, Flickenger, Clarence Allen, and Corey back in school.

Only ineligibility kept Daubert off this year. Having played quarter back and end at Dubuque he will no doubt push some one for their position next year.

Corey made a good showing this year, when inserted in the game and will doubtless again be a candidate for tackle.

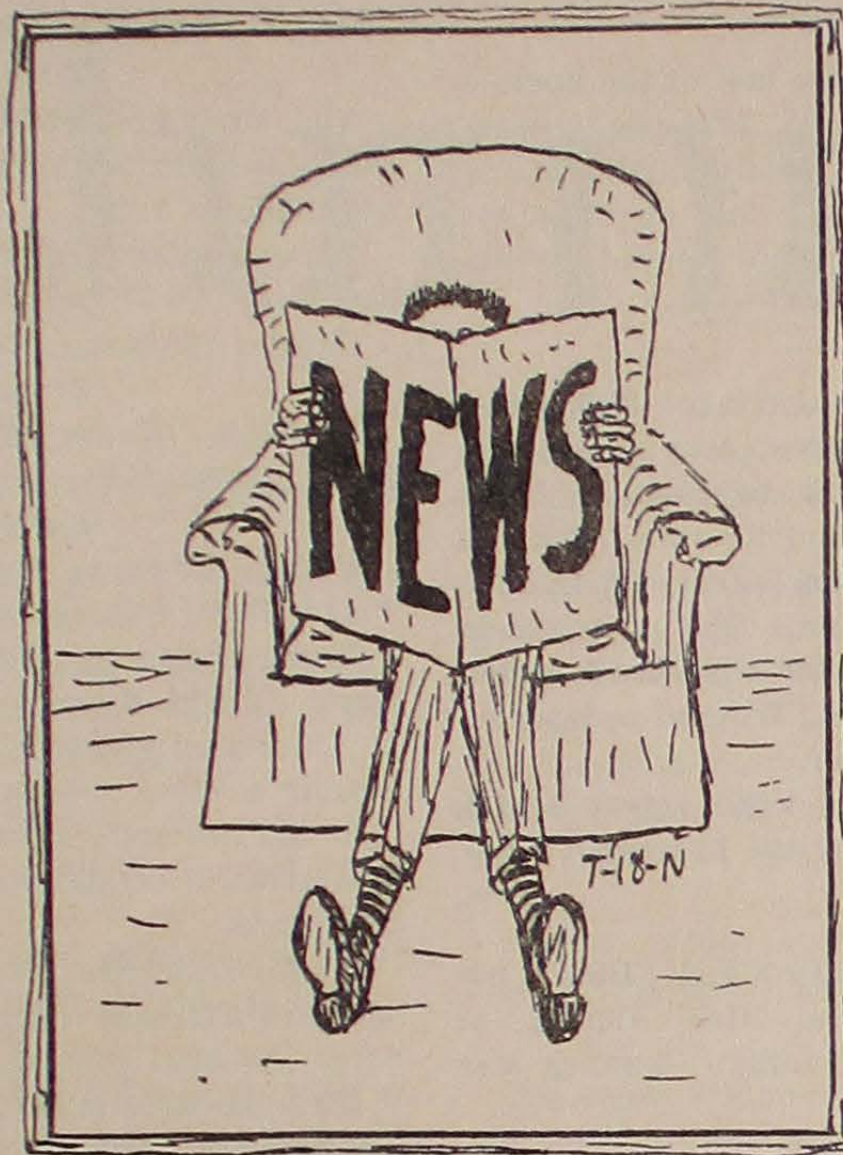
Larson has succeeded in arranging a very strong schedule, which if completed without defeat will place our eleven among the best in the State. Jefferson, Indianola, and Webster City again appear on the schedule in place of Iowa Falls, Fort Dodge and Grinnell.

The complete schedule arranged for next fall is:

- Sept. 29—West Des Moines, there.
- Oct. 6—Nevada, here.
- Oct. 13—Marshalltown, there.
- Oct. 20—Webster City, there.
- Oct. 27—Indianola, here.
- Nov. 3—Story City, there.
- Nov. 10—Jefferson, here.
- No. 17—Boone, there.

Her First Attempt

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air;
The milk and sugar also, and she took the greatest care
To count the egges correctly and to add a little bit
Of baking powder, which, you know, beginners oft' omit.
Then she stirred it all together and she baked it full an hour;
But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour.



Eben Howell went to Chicago Saturday evening in interest of the Spirit.

The Boone DeMolay boys are going to give a carnival dance Friday night and a large crowd from Ames is expected to attend.

Angeline Feroe and brother spent the week-end at Winterset.

Margaret Goodwin accompanied by Angeline Feroe on the piano, played for a Women's Club luncheon at the Sheldon-Munn Hotel Wednesday noon.

Lyle and Vincent Roupe drove to State Center Saturday on business.

Ruth Clay entertained Julia Baker, Ada Rayness, Opal Tripp, and Madelin Murray, at her home Saturday evening.

Mary McDowell attended the game at Boone Friday night.

Lois Grimm visited former school friends in Boone Sunday.

Jack Babcock drove his father to Des Moines Saturday.

Donald Kennedy spent the week-end at his parents home in Rinard.

Inez Keith visited in Des Moines over the week-end.

Robert Williams drove a truck load of High School students to Boone Friday night for the game. They were: John Carberry, Ivan Everden, Clarence Allen, Hiram Roe, Harold Haug, and Paul Haug.

Charles Kratoski spent Saturday in Tam-ma with the Indians.

Gordon Hoffman spent Saturday evening in Nevada.

Dwight Kimble enjoyed a show in Boone Sunday night.

Frank Kulow, Leah Belle Briley, Miss Barnes, Geneva Kulow and Margaret Batman drove to Boone Friday night to the game.

Dwight Clark and Frank Adams enjoyed Sunday evening at Church.

Dorothy Hoffman who has been ill for a few days is now back in school.

Dorothy Dunlap was unable to attend school last Tuesday on account of illness.

Lucille Penfield went to Odgen to visit her aunt and uncle over the week-end.

SOCIETY

The Awinita Campfire met at the home of Beatrice Iler, Wednesday, January 10th. After a short business meeting, Miss Lang, the school nurse, gave a talk on First Aid. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

Saturday evening, January 13th Sarah Allen entertained three couples at her home. The evening was spent playing "Five Hundred," Somerset and Rumme. Some of the guests enjoyed dancing during the latter part of the evening. The guests were Joe Thurber, Faye Carter, Clarence Logsdon, Lina Michaels, Floyd Williams, Margery Long and Ralph Connor.

Dainty refreshments were served at the close of the evening by the hostess.

Caroline Clokey entertained "Dick" McCarthy, Anita Sill, and "Red" Dunlap, at her home Saturday evening. Dancing was the favorite pastime.

Several of the Camp Fire girls attended the tea given by Mrs. Beyers Saturday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Curtis gave an interesting discussion of her trip to Europe and Dr. Heneske together with a few girls illustrated ways to bandage wounds.

GIRL RESERVE CABINET MEETING

The Girl Reserve Cabinet met Monday evening in the Spirit office.

Plans were discussed for the Vocational Conference which is to be held the 16th and 17th of March.

Plans were also made for the Bible Study course which is to be offered next semester. It has been definitely decided to use the book entitled "Stalker's Life of Paul." As now planned the class will meet the third period each Monday, and will be taught by a different High School teacher each time.

The different officers were informed of the new budget and the meeting was then adjourned.

FIRST PRELIMINARY DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The first preliminary Declamatory Contest was held in the Auditorium Thursday afternoon at 3:30.

Those contesting were:

Oratorical

Chester Severson, Florence Barr.

Dramatic

Elizabeth Gernes, Faye Carter, Frances Jones, Helga Holm, Jeanette Keuhl.

Humorous

Miriam Edwards, Ruth Miller, Kathryn Judge, Beryl Spinney.

Those chosen to enter the final contest were: Beryl Spinney winning first place in humorous division with Kathryn Judge coming a close second.

In the dramatic section Elizabeth Gernes was given first place and Faye Carter second place.

In the Oratorical section, Chester Severson and Florence Barr tied and both will enter the final contest.

Miss Atwood, Miss Bragington and Mrs. Young were the judges.

SECOND PRELIMINARY DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The second preliminary declamatory contest was held in the high school auditorium Friday at 3:30. Those participating were.

Oratorical: William Morgan, Leslie Nordholm.

Dramatic: Jean Grant, Marian Hagen, Dorothy Allen, Margaret Cleghorn, Juanita Ives.

Humorous: Helen Cagwin, Edith Petty, Ruth Baker, Winifred Conner, Margaret Lewis.

Leslie Nordholm was given first in the Oratorical class. Marian Hagen won first place in the Dramatic class and Dorothy Allen was given second place. Edith Petty received first place in the humorous division and Helen Cagwin and Ruth Baker tied for second place. These people will enter the final contest. Miss Atwood, Miss Bragington and Mrs. Young served as judges.

What is the soldier's definition of a kiss?
A report at headquarters.

Alumni

'17

Alice McCarthy is teaching Home Economics at Goldfield, Iowa.

Dorothy Proctor is teaching Home Economics at Monmouth, Ill.

Ruby Wasser and Donald Sopher are married and are living at Iowa City where Don is taking his last year of dentistry.

'19

Harriet Tilden is a senior in the Home Economics Dept. at I. S. C.

Gilberta Luke is also attending I. S. C. where she is a senior in the Industrial Science Dept.

Zoe Van Meter is married and is living at Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

Lydia Tilden is a senior this year at Iowa University.

Florence Goddard is traveling this year as a cello player for a concert company.

Bob Potter is working at the Story County Bank.

Chevalier Adams is working in his father's furniture store.

Russell Barker is teaching school, but we were unable to find where.

'20-'21

Carvel Caine is attending Leland Stanford.

Alvin Thornberg is enrolled at I. S. C. and is as interested in athletics as ever.

Hazel McKibben is taking Home Economics at I. S. C.

Emmet Carberry is attending I. S. C. and clerking at odd times in the Walsh Grocery.

Fern McCleary is a stenographer in one of the offices at the college.

Neva Spence is attending Des Moines University and is this year Editor of the "Highlander" their weekly publication.

Ted Kooser is working in the Drapery Dept. at the Tilden Store.

Arnold Livingstone is attending I. S. C. and taking Architectural Engineering.

Dorothy Craven is a Freshman this year at I. S. C.

Homer Tostlebe is enrolled in the Ceramics Dept. at I. S. C.

Elizabeth Scovel is taking Dramatic Art at Northwestern University.

Brice Gamble is attending I. S. C. and taking Industrial Science but next year expects to go to Iowa University and study law.

Barbara Stanton is attending Mills college at Oakland, California.

'22

The following members of '22 are attending I. S. C.: Burton Olson, Leonard Stenersen, Gladys Knight, Ruth McCoy, Mildred Schroeder, and Velma Maulsby.

Loreen Ragsdale another member of the class of '22 was married at Christmas time to Richard Browning.

Agnes Moore is attending school at Indianapolis, Indiana.

A small boy, being asked by his teacher to write briefly concerning the manners and customs of the people of India chewed his pencil for five minutes, and then wrote: They ain't got no manners and, they don't wear no customs.

Pasted on the window of a book publisher's store was the sign: "Porter wanted," and in the window itself, on a pile of books, the placard: "Dickens' Works All This week for \$4.00."

The able-looking Irishman read first the sign and then the placard. He blurted out to the boss: "Dickens may take the job; Dickens can wur-rk all this week for four dollars if he wants to, but I'll not touch it. Ye'd better kape Dickens."



Joke Editor—"Do you know any jokes, for the Spirit?"

Student—"Yes, Red Dunlap came to school on time today."

Joke Editor—"That's not a joke, that's a startling bit for the histories."

Joke Editor—"Know any jokes?"

Anybody—"No!"

Joke Editor—"Know any jokes?"

Somebody—"No!"

Joke Editor—"Know any jokes?"

Everybody—"No!"

Joke Editor then goes to the exchanges and gets the jokes of other "wide awake" schools.

A funny old man told this to me
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jelly fish float up in a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key.

I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But 'tis true when told as it pught to be
'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

—Witty Stories.

Little Willie Burns
Sat on a stove
Little Willie Burns.
Little Willie Burns
Didn't go to heaven
Little Willie Burns

—Think and grin.

Pat—"Well, I was in three fights today."

Mike—"No! What happened."

Pat—"I got second place in two and I ran the third."

Mr. Shaw: Now what is your opinion on this subject?"

Wilber Oberg (desperately): The same as yours, sir.

Gwendolyn: "What caused Marcia to divorce her husband?"

Genevieve: "A blue serge coat and a blonde haired stenographer."

Miss Edwards—"I see you are reading the dictionary. Do you find it interesting?"

Dean Frasche—"No, amusing, you see the dictionary and I spell words so differently."

—Wit and Humor of the Age.

A man who was not feeling well went to the doctors. The doctor asked him if he drank coffee. "Yes, replied the man." Three saucers full in the morning." "But why drink it from the saucer?" asked the doctor. "Well you see I get the spoon in me eye if I drink it from the cup," was the answer.

Not So Good

Perfectly well-meaning old lady: "Thank you so much for your song, my dear. It took me back to my childhood days on my father's farm, and when I shut my eyes and listened to your singing I seemed to hear the dear old gate creaking in the wind."

Recipe For Home Brew

Chase a bull dog 3 miles and gather up the hops and add the following:

Ten Gals. of tan bark, 1-2 pint Shellac,
1 Bar home made soap.

Boil 36 hours, then strain thru I. W. W. sock so it won't work.

Bottle and add 1 Grasshopper to each pint to give it the kick.

A man once ran across his friend who was an Irishman, walking backward rapidly. "What is your idea in doing that?" he asked. "Oh, Begorra," said Pat, "There is a big hole in the sate of me ponts and if I was to be walkin frontward the people behind me could see it."

Edith: Why don't you get rid of Teddy if you don't like him?

Gladys: Well, you know my dear, some men are like dice—easily rattled, but hard to shake.

"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud flats of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queeck! Bringa da chov'l. Bringa da pick! Giovanni's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hees knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No, no! He no canna walk! He's wrong end up!"

An eulogy I had to write

I worked two days and one whole night
But then went thru an awful rite
In class when called on to recite
For standing there, try as I might,
I simply couldn't start it right
The words stuck in my throat so tight
They choked and made my head feel light,
In fact I could not expedite
Tho tongue and lips I both did bite.
My thoughts soared upward like a kite.
I stammered; tried to stop their flight,
The class seemed to find much delight
In my most unfortunate plight.

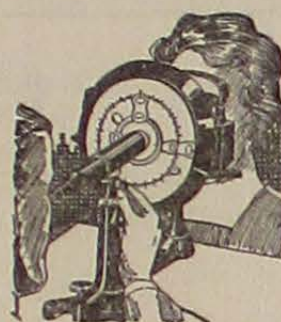
—Sheeter.

Chas. D.—"Oh you shut up."

Kurly K.—"Yes we shut up at six o'clock every night except Saturdays then we welcome all until ten o'clock."

"What experience have you had as a cook?" asked Mrs. Moore of the applicant for the position.

"Twenty places in three months, mum," replied Bridget proudly.



Have Us Examine Your Eyes

Optometry is the profession of conserving vision by scientific methods of eye examination.

Its purpose, the furnishing of right glasses when needed.

Our examinations reflect extreme care and thorough knowledge of our profession.

**The Responsibility Is Ours;
the Comfort and Satisfaction Yours.**

L. C. TALLMAN

Jeweler and Optometrist



In these days of empty cisterns let us give you a

Soft Water Shampoo

Water softened by a process of filtering, absolutely clean, with no chemical dissolved in the water.

Try us and be convinced.

Marinello Comfort Shop

Commercial Bank Building

The Best of Candies

Incense and Quality Gifts of all sorts
may be found at

Godards Gift Shop

10% to 50% Discount
on all purchases over \$1.00 the re-
mainder of the month.

LET'S GO

Buy all the Footwear

NOW that you can possibly use. The
prices at which we are offering some
of our shoes will hardly pay for the
cost of the leather.

AMES BOOTERY

Clerk: Madame, can't I sell you one of
our patent fly catchers?

Lady: Naw! I don't want none of yer
fly-ketchers. We got enough flies at our
place now, by jiminy!

What a queer bird the frog are,
When he sit he stand almost,
When he hop he fly almost,
He ain't got no sense, hardly,
He ain't got no tail hardly, either.
He sit on what he ain't got almost.

A lecturer had been describing some of
the sights he had seen abroad. "There are
some spectacles," he said, "that one never
forgets."

"I wish you would tell me where I can
get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in the
audience. I am always forgetting mine."

Grandma (solemnly): "After poor grand-
ma dies, who will give you any pennies?"

Grandson (aged six): "Why, you won't
take your pocket book to heaven, will you,
grandma?"

She (Florence Perkins) smiled at me and
I (Bud Coe) hurried after her, I said to
her: "Oh there, aren't you the little girl
that smiled at me?" With a sneer on her
lips she said: "Why sure what else could
I have laughed at."

A love-smitten youth who was studying
the approved method of proposal asked one
of his bachelor friends if he thought that
a young man should propose to a girl on
his knees.

"If he doesn't" replied his friend "The
girl should get off."

The Sheldon-Munn Barber Shop

RADIO SUPPLIES

AT

Nelson Electric Company

MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

You will need Engraved Cards at Commencement time. Ordered now, they will be useful during the entire last semester of your high school life.

We will give you 10% discount. Order now.

Phone 83

TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO.

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the girl as she pulled her small brother out from under the sofa.

"Mercy!" said the fish, as it swallowed the baited hook, "One can't be too careful about what one eats."

Pat: "I got a cold supper when I went home tonight, and you bet I kicked about it."

Mike: "Did that do any good?"

Pat: "Well, my wife made it warm for me."

Customer: "I must say, waitress, this is the first time I've ever had a really tender steak here."

Waitress (aghast): "Good gracious! I must have given you the proprietor's steak!"

Dumb: "What must a man do to have military honors?"

Dora: "He must be a captain."

Dumb: "Then I lose my bet."

Dora: "What did you bet?"

Dumb: "I bet he must be dead."

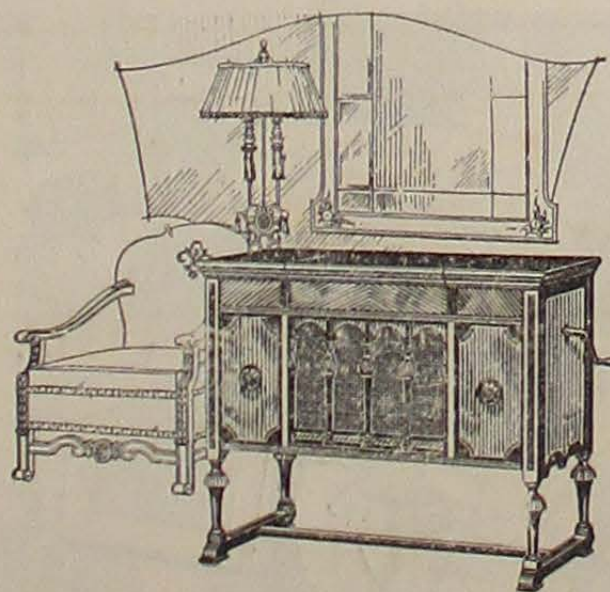
Orrie Roe—"How'd you get the cut in your neck Bert?"

Bert A.—"Must'a bit myself."

Orrie—"How could you bite yourself in the neck?"

Bert—"Must'a looked in a mirror."

FOR YOUR
Brunswick
 Phonographs and
 Records
 GO TO
Eness Music House



An Army of Pleased Patrons

VISIT THE

Princess Theatre

EVERY DAY

Are you getting your
share of pleasure, hap-
piness and life?

START TODAY

A red nose, now is quite a shock,
For people vow you've got a stock.

Time is money, and money is time,
And don't you be fergittin' it.
Always get all the money you can;
But don't get time for getting it.

The teacher had asked the class to write
a sentence containing the word gruesome.
One little girl wrote: "I can not wear my last
summer's dress because I grew some.

Porter: "Train's gone, mister. Ye should
have run a little faster."

Passenger: Run faster! I ran fast enough,
but I should have started a bit sooner.

When was Adam married?
On his wedding Eve.

Old Lady: (sniffing) What's that odor I
smell?

Farmer: That's fertilizer.

Old Lady: (Astonished) For the land's
sake!

Farmer: Yes, Ma'am.

I know a man who says he can't sit down,
and can't stand up.

Then if he tells the truth, he lies.

I met a girl out on the street,
With Rubber Boots on her feet,
These boots had fur around the top,
And at every step went flopty flop.



WHAT OUR REPUTATION MEANS

Primarily it means that we have
satisfied the vast majority of our cus-
tomers. Again it is an impetus in
our efforts to keep on rendering satis-
factory radiator repairs because we
want to keep our acquired reputation
where it is now,—high above all com-
petition.

Swanson Radiator Repair Shop
Ames, Iowa

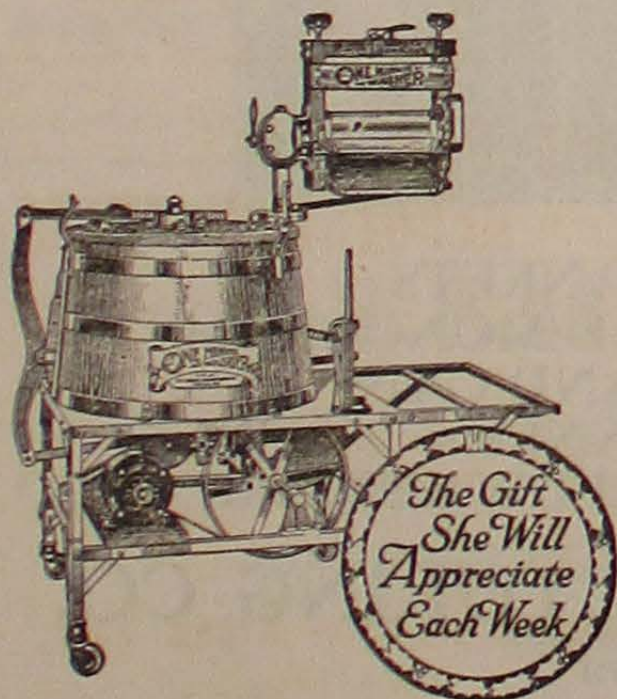
DECEPTION

Dear Friend:

The great love I have to express to you is false and I find my indifference toward you increases daily. The more I see of you the more you appear in my eyes as an object of contempt. I feel myself in every way disposed and determined to hate you. I can assure you, I never intended to love you. Our last conversation has left an impression on my mind which by no means impressed me of the extremely high standard of your character. Your temper would make me entirely too unhappy and if you and I were united I would expect nothing but hatred of my friends and to an everlasting displeasure of living with you. I have indeed a heart to bestow but I do not want you to imagine it at your service. I could not give it to anyone more inconsistent and capricious than yourself and be capable of doing justice to myself and family. I think that you are aware of the fact that I speak sincerely and hope you will do me the favor of avoiding me. You need not trouble yourself about answering this letter as your letters are always full of impertinence and have not a shadow of wit and good sense. Believe me, I am adverse to you and that it is impossible for me to be

Your affectionate Sweetheart.

P. S.—I suppose that you were curious enough to read all of the lines of my correspondence, but now begin at the beginning and READ EVERY OTHER LINE.



**Buy Your Mother
One on
Easy Terms**

Loughran Machine Co.

"Hallo, Bilkins! Who are you working for now?"

"Same people—a wife and five children."

Woman Customer: Where can I buy powder?

Floorwalker: Face, bug, gun or baking madam?

Bug: If I were to see you riding on a donkey, what fruit should I be reminded of?

House: Don't know.

Bug: A pear of course.

Election Candidate: "Now, my friends, when you vote you don't want to vote for a pig in a poke; you want to vote for me, and get the genuine article!"

Mrs. Oldlywed: "Did you know that I might have married Mr. Black?"

Mr. Oldlywed: "Er-no; but I have noticed he looks thankful every time he sees me."

Brown: "Why do you like the stuff that Smith Bootlegs?"

Jones: "It has the antidote printed right on the label."

Why is Joseph a very bad man?

Because he wishes to accustom the public to steel pens and tries to persuade them that they do write.

"Did you give the penny to the monkey, dear?"

"Yes, mother."

"And what did the monkey do with it?"

"He gave it to his father, who played the organ."

Doesn't it give you a terrible feeling when you run over a man?" they asked him.

"Yes, if he's a large man," replied the automobilist.

"It gives me a pretty rough jolt sometimes."



ATHLETIC BLANKETS
VARSITY LETTERS AND MONOGRAMS
ROOTER HATS AND CAPS
TROPHY BANNERS
PENNANTS AND PILLOW COVERS

TILDEN MANUFACTURING CO.
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The New KARESS DOUBLE VANITY

with Individual Refills

The first offering of a perfect double compact with separate compartments for Rouge and Powder

JUDISCH BROTHERS DRUG STORE

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Applications for admission to the Freshman Class are now being received.

An Illustrated Descriptive Booklet will be sent on request.

ADDRESS: DEPT. H, GRINNELL COLLEGE, GRINNELL, IOWA

YOUR HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION is made possible by the money collected from the taxpayers of Ames. The O'Neil Dairy Co. pays \$470.00 per year into the school treasury. You can help us pay this amount by eating ice cream in the stores that handle our ice cream. Remember that when you buy ice cream made in other towns you are building up their school and not your school. Let us build up our own schools first.

Ames, Iowa

O'NEIL DAIRY CO.

Phone 62

REMEMBER

It's the point that makes the pen write smooth.

Choose your pen from the most complete stock.

REYNOLDS & IVERSEN

Ames News Stand

GIRLS

The new spring garments will be here in a few days—

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THERE WILL BE
New Hats, New Dresses, New Suits
New Coats and New Blouses
and the prices will be very reasonable.

You can always do better here.

Shipley - Pedersen Co.
OPPOSITE SHELDON-MUNN HOTEL

The Spirit

1923

SENIOR NUMBER, AMBS HIGH SCHOOL

EX-LIBRIS



Live ever sweet
book * * *
The simple image
of his gentle wit.

Pierce

Foreword

It has been our desire to make this book a true portrayal of the life and activities of Ames High School, and it is with this object in view that we have produced the 1923 Spirit. We sincerely hope that you will receive this book in the spirit in which it is offered, and that in years to come it may serve to recall to you reminiscences of the happy days spent at Ames High.

In Memoriam

Milo Krotaska '23

Born November 6, 1905

Died October 2, 1921

Mary Sloan '24

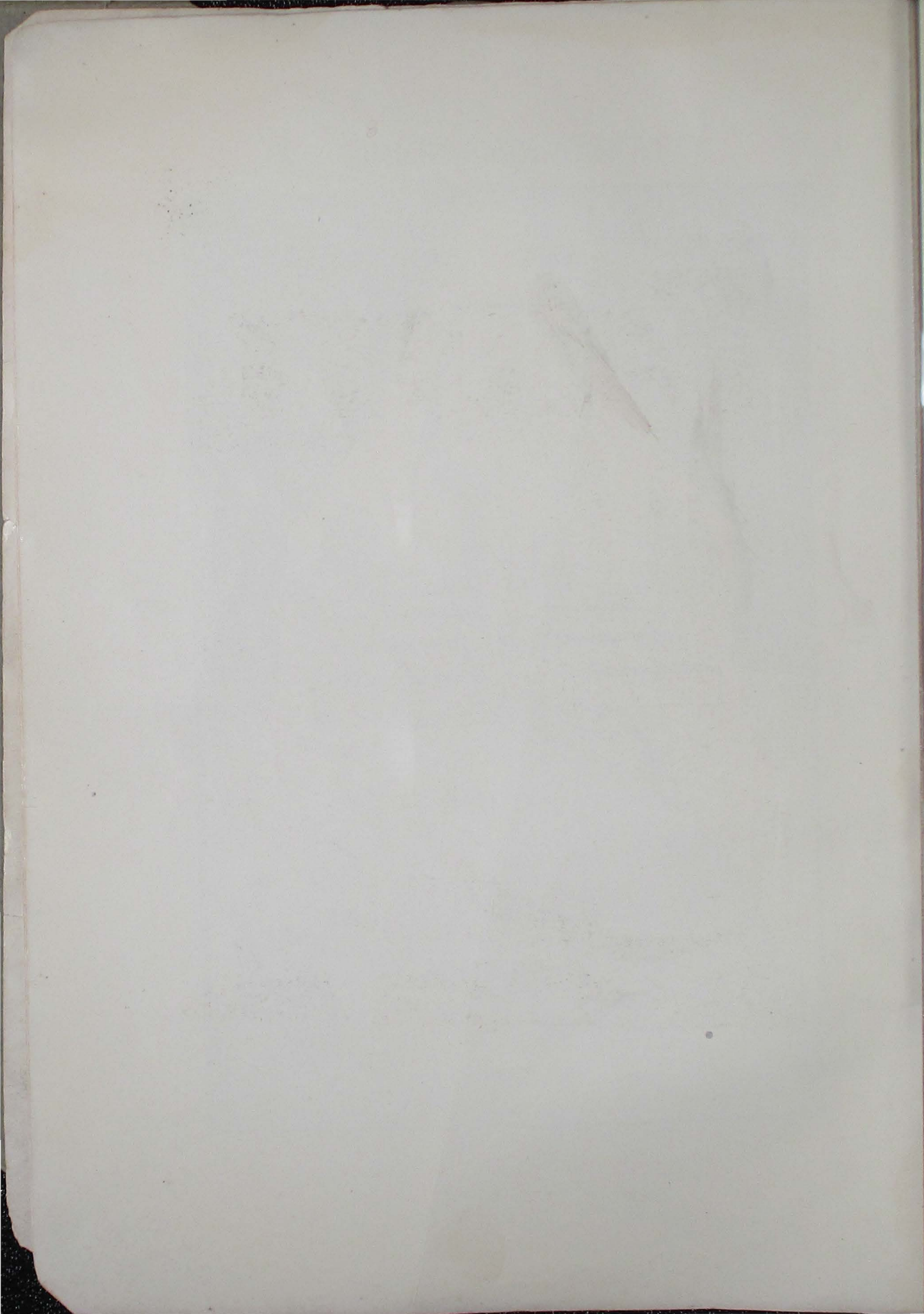
Born July 10, 1905

Died March 8, 1922

AS a token of our sincere appreciation,
we, the Class of 1923, do humbly
dedicate this Senior Annual to those who
have made the publication of this book
possible. : : : : :

OUR SURROUNDINGS





FACULTY



BOARD OF EDUCATION



Prof. Irwin
Charles Reynolds

Prof. Mann

Prof. Meeker
Prof. Agg (President)



MR. C. E. WYGANT

Franklin College, B. S. Degree; Third year here—Principal of High School.

"The hand at the wheel that has brought us safely through three years of 'High' seas."

MR. BODWELL

Dartmouth College, B. S. Degree; Fifth year here—Superintendent of Schools.

"Nothing demands respect more than honesty and fair dealing."

MRS. GRACE ELLIOT

Graduate Ames High School 1919; Fourth year here—Secretary to Mr. Bodwell.

"A woman of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."



MRS. D. F. ANDERSON

Parsons College, B. S. Degree; Chicago University, Post-Graduate; Fourth year here; General Treasurer.

"Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace and a friend to mankind."

MR. STODDARD

University of Nebraska; Studied at Northwestern University; Studied music under various prominent instructors; Fourth year here—Music Instructor, Director of chorus, orchestra, and band.

"Music hath charms."

MISS FLORENCE McKAY

Iowa State Teachers' College; Second year—Commercial Department.

"Not quantity, but quality."

MISS OPHELIA MILLER

Iowa University, A. B. Degree; Third year here—French and English.

"Thinks too much of too many."

MISS GRACE BARNES

Iowa State Teachers' College, A. B. Degree. First year here—Girls' Athletic instructor.

"The light for which I live has never been lit."

MISS MARJORIE E. LYNCH

Penn College, A. B. Degree; Second year here—English and Public Speaking.

"Speech is silver, silence is gold."

MISS DOROTHY McCORKINDALE

Iowa University, A. B. Degree; Second year here—History.

"An aim in life is the only fortune worth finding."



MISS FAUNE WEEKS

Simpson College, A. B. Degree; First year here—Biology and Physiology.
"Of stature short, but genius high."

MRS. FLOSSIE WILSON

Drake University, A. B. Degree; Second year here—Mathematics.
"I trust not even my husband."

MISS EVELYN ATWOOD

Parsons College, A. B. Degree; Second year here—English II.
"Oh, Oh, those brown eyes!"

MR. IVAN L. MAST

Iowa State Teachers' College, A. B. Degree; Second year here
"The ladies call him sweet."

MRS. ANNA YOUNG

Iowa State Teachers' College; Gregg Commercial School; Waterloo Business College; Drake University; First year here—Head of Commercial Department.
"We would not have her otherwise."

MISS CHARLOTTE L. BRAGINGTON

Grinnell College, A. B. Degree; Second year here—English.
"Modest and quiet, but useful."

MRS. FERNE K. MAUN

Iowa University, A. B. Degree; Second year here—Civics and Advanced Arithmetic.
"A worker always attending to her own affairs and doing her level best."



MISS MILDRED V. EDWARDS

Simpson College; University of Iowa Library Training School; First year here—Librarian.
"She smiles and smiles, but does not sigh."

MRS. ELIZABETH JONES MILLER

Northwestern University; Third year here—History.
"Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale."

MISS F. AURELIA ST. CLAIR

Des Moines College, A. B. Degree; University of Chicago, A. M. Degree; First year here—Latin.
"I'll be as patient as a gentle stream."

MR. SHELDON D. MINNICH

Simpson College, University of Nebraska, Iowa State College; First year here—Science and Law.
"Nothing that has been said before will quite describe him."

MR. LARSEN

Grinnell College, A. B. Degree; University of Michigan Coaching School; First year here—Athletic Coach.
"Liked and respected by all who know him."

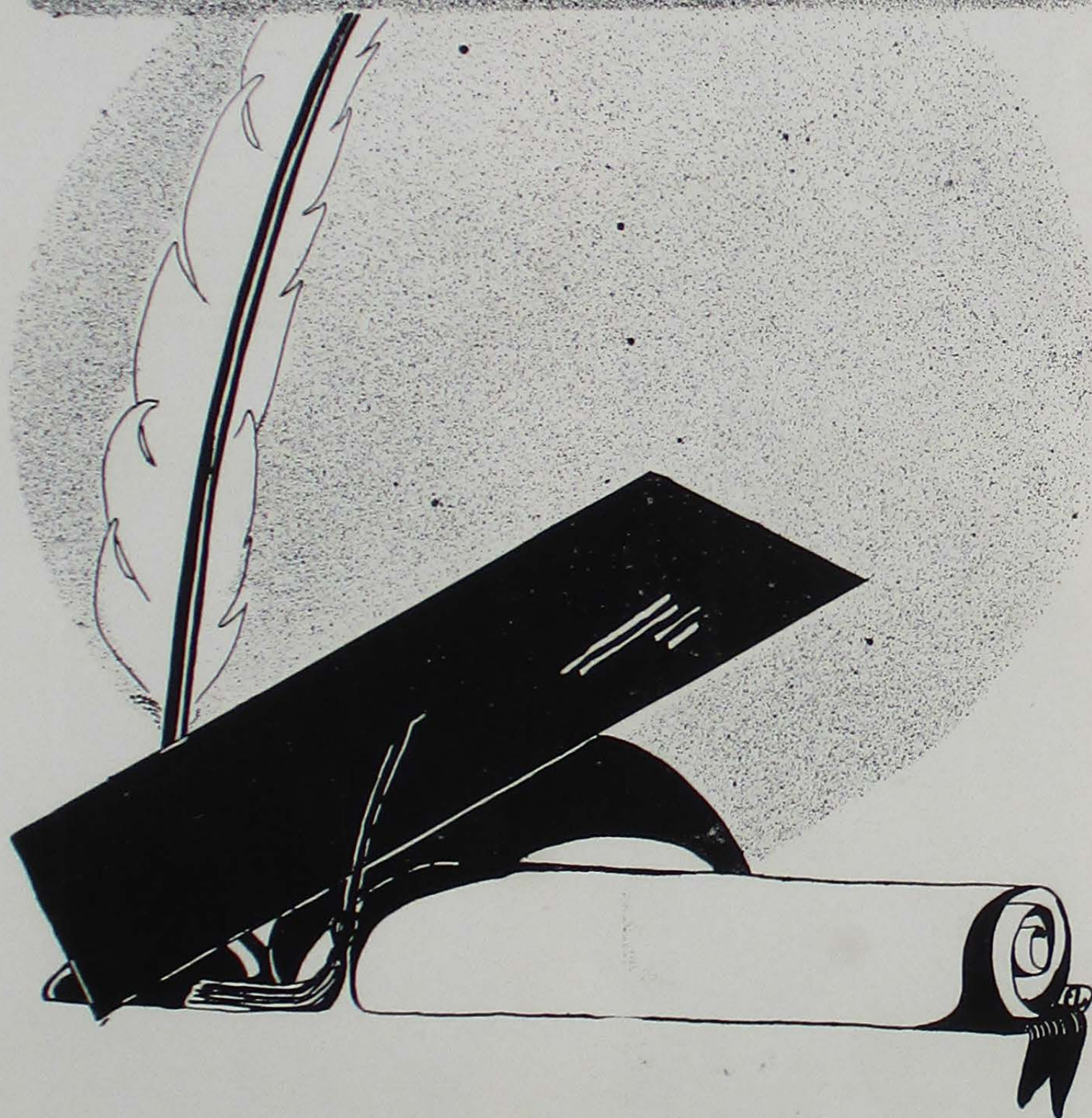
MR. MAYO

Graduate of Ames High 1920; Second year here—Manual Training instructor.
"Not for himself, but for the world he lives."

MR. JOHN M. SHAW

Washburn, A. B. Degree; Iowa State College, B. S. Degree; First year here—Science.
"A willing worker and a man of strong character."

JUNIORS





LAURENCE D. REIS

"Lolly"

Track '21, '22, '23; Wrestling '22; Basketball '23; Spirit Staff '22, '23; "A" Club.

Iowa State College

"Since brevity is the soul of wit,
I will be brief."

KATHRYN JUDGE

"Kate"

Basketball '20, '21; Chorus '22; President Dramatic Club '23; Declamatory '23; Junior Calss Play '22.

Iowa State College

"I could be happy with one little boy—if
there were no others around."

BERYL MIGNON SPINNEY

Chorus '20, '21; Forensic '21; Volley Ball '21; Junior Class Play '22; Spirit Staff '22; Basketball '21, '22; Declamatory '23; President of Y. W. '22; Senior Class Play.

Iowa State College

"She pops up here, she pops up there,
She never seems to have a care."

DALE STODDARD

Chorus, Band, Orchestra, '20, '21, '22; Track '22, '23; High School Quartet '23.

Iowa State College

"Concerning Music, there is nothing he lacks,
We'll always remember Dale and his 'Sax.'"

MYRON REW

"Barney"

Football '21, '22; Basketball '21, '22, '23; Class Track '23; "A" Club.

"A wise man nix, a learned may nay,
A happy man—that's him, hurray!"

ARDIS HAVERLY

Y. W. C. A. '19, '20, '21, '22.

Iowa State College

"Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins
the soul."



VIOLET HALL

Iowa State College

"Icebergs have nothing on me."

LEON FULLER

Two years Staceyville High; Hi Y '20, '22.
"Apparently not a fusser, but appearances are
deceiving."

MARGARET BALDWIN

Basketball '20, '22; Chorus '20, '21, '22; Sex-
tette '20; Operetta '20, '21.

Iowa State College

"Dark of hair, light of heart,
A friend we hate to see depart."

PAUL J. HOLLOWAY

Main Avenue High, San Antonio, Texas,
'19, '21; Kemper Military School, Booneville,
Missouri, '21, '22; Hi Y; Spirit Annual Staff;
Senior Class Play.

Iowa University

"He trudged along unknowing what he
sought,
And whistled as he went for want of
thought."

VELMA ALLEN

Marengo High School '20, '21, '22; Girl
Reserves '23.

Iowa State College

"It is the tranquil people that accomplish
much."

EUGENE McFARLAND

Stanhope High '20, '21, '22; Tennis '23;
Track '23.

Iowa State College

"Always ready a joke to tell,
Never a gloomy lad is he."



EARL CARBERRY

Football '20, '21, '22; Track '22, '23; Class Play '22.

"Let me be cruel, not unnatural,
I will speak daggers to her, but use none."
Iowa University

DORIS PRALL

Girl Reserves '20, '21, '22, '23; Basketball '22; Forensic '21; Chorus '20, '21; Orchestra '23; Spirit Staff '23.

Iowa State College

"Never trouble trouble,
Till trouble troubles you."

MONA GRIFFITH

"Talking isn't my specialty, but I can say a word or two."

EUGENE WALSH

Adair High '20, '22; Des Moines Catholic '21.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

JOHN HAMILTON

East High '20; Hi Y.

Iowa State College

"Steve Himself."

LAURA ELLIOT

Orchestra '20, '21; Chorus '21; Forensic '21.

"I like above all things to be loved."



LYLE HAVERLY

"Fat"

Carnival Committee; Senior Class Play.

Iowa State College

"How long, oh Lord, how long?"

MARIAN HOKE

Storm Lake High School '20; Girl Reserves '23; Basketball '22; Chorus '20, '21; Senior Class Play.

Iowa State College

"Beware of all, but most beware of man."

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Girl Reserve '22; Chorus '23.

"Happy am I, from care I am free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

LORAN BOWER

Hi Y '20, '21, '22, '23; Hi Y Cabinet '20, '21; Hi Y President '23.

"A worker, always doing his level best."

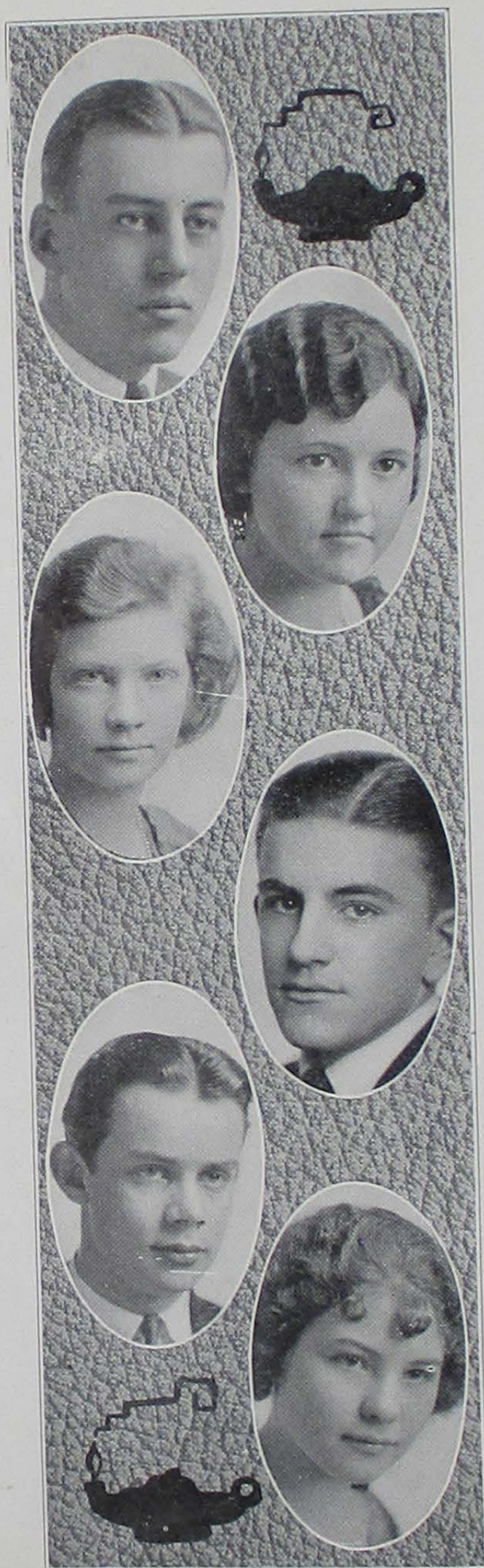
BERNICE GRIFFITH

"The love and joy of his teachers' hearts."

LEAH BELLE BRILEY

Gilbert High School three years; Chorus '23.

"With laughing eyes and face so fair."



BEVIER SPINNEY

Forensic '20, '21; Dramatics '21, '22;
Chorus '21; Debate '23; Football '21, '22;
Swimming '21; H. S. Quartet '22, '23; Junior
Class Play '22.

"Darktown Valentino."

FLORENCE E. PERKINS

"Perky"

Y. W. C. A. '20, '21, '22; Volley Ball '20;
Spirit Staff '23.

Iowa State College

"She's full of pep and lots of fun,
And has as friends most everyone."

RACHAEL VAN NICE

Girl Reserve '20, '21, '22; Basketball '21,
'22, '23; Forensic '22; Girl Reserve Cabinet
'22, '23.

Iowa State College

"With such a pretty face and hair
Many glances linger there."

LORREN TEXTRUM

"Tex"

Football '21, '22; Basketball '21, '22; Sec-
retary and Treasurer of "A" Club '23.

Illinois University

"My eyes are brown, my teeth are white,
I comb my hair morn, noon, and night."

CHARLES RICHEY

Football '22, '23; Track '22, '23.

Iowa State College

"Disguise our bondage as we will
'Tis woman, woman rules us still"

MARGARET GOODWIN

Orchestra '20, '21, '22, '23; Chorus '21;
Basketball '20, '21, '22, '23; Volley Ball '20,
'21, '22, '23; Y. W. '20, '22; Senior Class Play.

Iowa State College

"It's better to be conceited and know some-
thing than to be humble in ignorance."



RALPH MORRIS

"Mike"

Basketball '21, '22, '23; Football '23; "A" Club.

"In athletics, he always excels,
Also in his lovely marcelles."

BLANCHE SILLS

Y. W. '20, '21, '22; Operetta '21, '22.

"A child of the Gods."

HELEN M. CUPPS

Y. W. C. A. '20, '21, '22; Chorus '20; Operetta '20.

College (undecided)

"It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice."

GLENN FOSTER

"I was born long and have been long ever since."

JOSEPHINE WRIGHT

Girl Reserve '21, '22, '23.

Iowa State College and Iowa University

"I have never seen anything in the world worth getting about."

ROLAND COE

"Bud"

Football '20, '21, '22, '23; Basketball '20, '21, '22, '23; Track '23; "A" Club; Senior Class Play.

Iowa University

"The ability to bluff through your courses
Is rather to be chosen than great brains."



CLAYTON SCHULTZ

Student Senate '20; Hi Y '21, '22, '23.
Iowa State College

"I do as I please and don't bother others
about it."

ALICE KIRCHOFF

Forensic '21, '22; Y. W. '20, '21, '22, '23;
Chorus '20, '22.

Iowa State College
"Her heart's in her work."

HAZEL THORESON

Chorus '22.

"The prattle of a typewriter is music to my
ears."

CHESTER SEVERSON

Shipley High '20, '21; Agriculture Judg-
ing Team '23; Declamatory '23; Hi Y '23;
Track '23.

Minnesota University
"For even tho' vanquished,
He could argue still."

LAWRENCE WHERRY

Hi Y '22, '23.

Iowa State College
"All the great men are dead;
And I'm not feeling well."

MILDRED PERSON

"Mid"

Orchestra '20, '21, '22, '23; Band '20, '21;
Basketball '20, '21; Forensic '22, '23; Y. W.
C. A. '20, '21, '22, '23; Operetta '21, '22.

Iowa State College
"Life's a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once and now I know it."



RAY ILER

Iowa State College

"My brain is a highway without traffic cops."

MARGARET BATMAN

Y. W. C. A. '20, '21, '22, '23; News Reporter '22.

Iowa State College

"Care to our co..n adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out."

RUTH WINTER

Girl Reserve '20, '21, '22, '23.

Gregg School

"Short in stature but tall in grey matter."

HERBERT PAULSON

Class Treasurer '20.

"Men of few words are the best men."

GLENN SEVERSON

Shipley High '20, '21; Agriculture Judging Team '23; Hi Y '23.

Iowa State College

"Glenn is so tall and speaks very well,
He is always in class in time for first bell."

GENEVA KULOW

Y. W. C. A. '21, '22.

Iowa State College

"Bobbed is her hair, bright is her smile,
Her friendship, too, is all worth while."



HAROLD C. HAUG

Iowa State College

"When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

MILDRED BARR

Orchestra '20, '22, '23; Chorus '20, '22; Dramatics '23.

Capital City Commercial College, Des Moines

"I do as I please and don't bother others about it."

CALVIN THOMPSON

Basketball, 2nd team, '22.

Iowa State College

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

GRAYCE STEVENS

Y. W. '20, '21, '22, '23; Finance Committee '21.

Iowa State College

"Silence is one of the lost arts."

VIVIAN BELLE GRIFFITH

Declamatory '20; Forensic '21; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '22; Class Treasurer '22; Class Vice-President '23; President Girl Reserves '23; Debate '23; Dramatic Club '23.

"Four years have we watched you and your's is success."

CLARENCE IDEN

Football '22; Basketball '21, '22, '23; "A" Club; Senior Basketball Captain.

Nebraska University

"Not only good, but rumor has it, good for something."



VERNON RANDAU

Liked here, liked there, liked everywhere.

ESTER SEVERSON

Dramatics '22; Girl Reserves '23; Secretary of Class '23; Basketball '23.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

LUCILLE FINCHAM

Y. W. C. A. '21, '23; Volley Ball '20; Basketball '20.

Iowa State College

"Determination and a start always win."

JAMES HOLSINGER

"Jim"

Football '20, '21, '22; Basketball '20, '21, '22; "A" Club; Hi Y '21.

Iowa State College

"In spite of all that's said, I'll still have my own opinion."

SHERWOOD STOKKA

"Shorty"

Hi Y '20; Class Finance '21; Carnival Committee '21; Student Counsel; Tennis Championship '22.

"I don't fuss, but I'm fussed and get fussed."

FLORENCE BARR

Chorus '20, '22; Dramatics '23; Declamatory '23.

Capital City Commercial College, Des Moines

"I pin my faith to no man's sleeve, have I not two eyes of mine own."



FRANCIS H. MAY

"Frank"

St. Patrick's High, Waukon, Iowa, '20, '21;
St. Patrick's High, Iowa City, Iowa, '22.

Iowa State College

"What a spendthrift are those girls,
Who spend their looks on me."

INEZ HUSSONG

Y. W. '20, '21, '22; Chorus '21.

"With her modest demeanor, 'tis a pleasure
to meet her."

MARTHA W. GROTH

Y. W. '20, '21; Forensic '20, '21; Basket-
ball '20, '21; Volley Ball '19, '20.

Iowa State Teacher's College, Cedar Falls.

"Like nothing on earth but woman."

LESLIE NORDHOLM

"Les"

Denison High '20, '21; Lincoln, Neb., High
'22; Debate '23; Hi Y '23.

Nebraska University

"Quality, not quantity."

JEANETTE KUEHL

Chorus; Operetta '20, '22; Basketball '20,
'21; Forensic and Dramatics '22, '23; Junior
Play '22; Declamatory '23.

Iowa State College

"Well-timed silence hath more eloquence than
speech."

DONALD M. ERICKSON

Band '20, '21, '22, '23; Orchestra '21, '22,
'23; Hi Y '23.

Iowa State College

"Like a pond; still but deep."



REUBEN SHELDAHL

Huxley High School '20, '21, '22.

Iowa State College

"He will turn out all right yet, he is still young."

FLORENCE M. GROVE

Forensic '20; Operetta '21; Basketball '22, '23; Spirit Typist '23; Y. W. '23.

"She speaks, behaves and acts just like she ought."

RUTH MILLER

Chorus '20, '21, '22, '23; Orchestra '20, '21, '22, '23; Y. W. '22; Dramatic '23.

"A quiet dignity and a charm of gentleness are hers."

NORMAN D. GRAVES

"Grubby"

Football '21, '22; Spirit Staff '21, '22; Class Play '21; "A" Club.

Nebraska University

"One of the reasons why A. H. S. is a snappy place."

ARTHUR DAVIS

Iowa State College

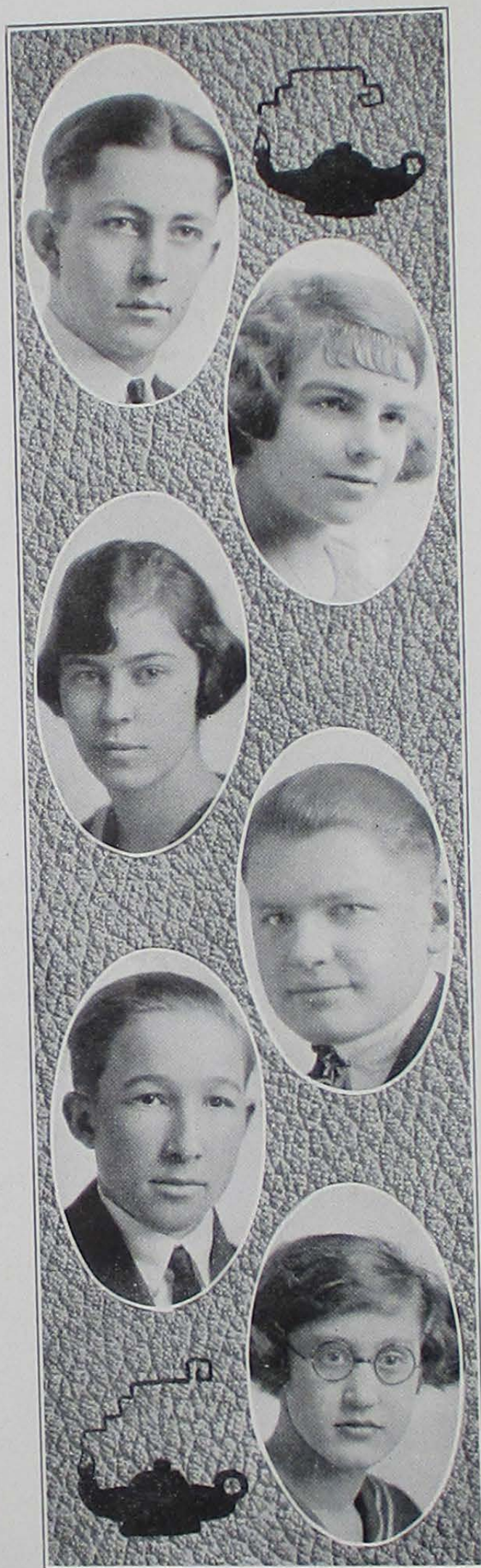
"He is a boy who's very bright, And never has a 'flunk' in sight."

BEULAH H. POWELL

Chorus '22; Operetta '22; Girl Reserves '23; Dramatic Club '23; Spirit Stenographer '23; Debating Team '23.

Gregg College

"Of manners gentle, affection mild."



ROLLIN BONNELL

Donnellson High School '20, '21; A. H. S. '22, '23; Track '22, '23.

Iowa State College
"He gently studied"

FRANCES ELLIOT

Chorus '20.

Iowa State College
"Not very tall, not very small, but fair and sweet, and loved by all."

MARGARET CLEGHORN

Y. W. '20, '21, '22, '23; Dramatics '23; Declamatory '23; Chorus '21; Basketball '20, '21, '23; Operetta '21; Senior Class Play.

Iowa State College
"You have such a happy look."

PAUL A. DOWNEY

Class Treasurer '23.

Des Moines University
"Good nature without disguise."

RALPH THOMAS

Iowa State College
"Greater men have lived."

GERTRUDE CORFE

Union High School '20, '21, '22; Basketball '23.

Drake University
"She is clever beyond most of her kind."



HERMAN COLE

California University

"He marched the lobby, twirled his stick
The girls all cried, 'He's quite the kick.'"

LOIS GRIMM

Boone High '20, '21.

"It's a great life, if you can stand it."

MARGARET ADAMS

Basketball '20, '21; Chorus '20, '21; Or-
chestra '20, '21, '22, '23; Pep Orchestra '22,
'23; Y. W. C. A. '20, '21, '22; Senior Class
Play.

Iowa State College.

"I could be happy with one little boy,
If there were no others around."

CLINTON McELYEA

"Squirt"

Corwith H. S. '20; Junior Class Play '22;
Athletic Treasurer '22, '23; Annual Staff '23;
Senior Class Play.

Iowa State College

"Oh, why should life all labor be?"

EBEN HOWELL

"Eb"

High School Senate '21; Football '20, '21,
'22; Captain '21, '22; President "A" Club
'23; Junior Class Play; Class President '20,
'21; Senior Class Play.

Iowa State College

"All's well that ends in a rough-house."

DOROTHY DRAGOUN

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '21; Y. W. C. A. '20,
'21, '22; Spirit Staff '23; Carnival '20, '22.

Iowa University

"Give every man thy ear,
But only one thy heart."



JOHN LARSON

North Grant High '20, '21; Shipley High '22; Hi Y '23.

Iowa State College

"Ichabod Crane had nothing on me."

MARGARET PROCTOR

"Peg"

Forensic Club '20, '21; Chorus '20, '21; Basketball '21, '22, '23; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '21, '22, '23; Junior Class Play '22; Volley Ball '20; Y. W. Monograms '22; Senior Class Play.

Iowa State College

"It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but his name."

MARIAN A. SMITH

Y. W. C. A. '20; Forensic '21; Chorus, '20, '21; High School Senate '21; Assembly Board '23; Girl Reserve Board '23; Spirit Staff '23; Spirit Reporter '21, '22.

Iowa State College

"Lonesome? Oh, no."

VINCENT ROUPE

"Vince"

Y. M. C. A. '19; Band '19, '20; Junior Class Play; Orchestra '19, '20; Football '21, '22; Track '22.

Iowa State College

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."

GORDON COPELAND

Football '21, '22; Basketball '20, '21, '22; Track '20, '21, '22, '23; Class Basketball '23.

"A doer is worth a thousand dreamers."

RALPH CONNOR

Oelwein High School '20, '21, '22; A. H. S. '23; Chorus '23; Senior Class Play.

"The fair sex affects me not."

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '23

We, the class of '23, entered the institution of learning called Ames High School in the fall of 1919—an exceptionally brilliant, talented, peppy and green bunch of kids. We managed to hide our greenness pretty well and even the upper classmen spoke about our brilliancy and flirtatiousness. One of our girls won her "B.B." and one of our boys won his "A" in basketball, and we had several representatives on the teams. As soon as Mr. Steffy would let us, we organized and had a party the first convenient Friday night. Our sponsors, Miss Britton and Miss Foskette, helped us elect the following officers:

President, Eben Howell
Vice-President, Mary Bell Cure
Secretary, Dorothy Bullock
Treasurer, Herbert Paulson

Soon the Dandelion digging was over and the trials of being a Prep were forgotten in the joys of vacation.

However, we were all glad to be back at the end of the long, lonesome vacation and especially glad to be Sophomores. With the supervision of Miss Jones and Miss Clough we organized immediately and elected the following officers:

President, Eben Howell
Vice-President, Clarence Morrisson
Secretary, Norman Graves
Treasurer, Clarence Iden

The first thing we did was to have a real Hallowe'en party, with oysters strung up in the west hall. We had to go into the janitor's office and slide down a toboggan into the Gym, which was kept locked until everybody was there. Later we had games and then dandy eats.

After another party we elected the Assistant Business Manager (Eben Howell) and Assistant Editor (Norman Graves) for the Spirit for the next year. The years of being under classmen ended in vacation.

At the end of it we came back Juniors and upper classmen destined to win honor and glory for '23 before another vacation. The following were our officers:

President, Vincent Roupe
Vice-President, Eben Howell
Secretary, Florence Perkins
Treasurer—Vivian Griffith
Advisors, Miss Clough and Miss McLean

We had a party celebrating the close of a very successful football season, and at which we had a wonderful time, being entertained by a mock football game between Ames and Boone (girls). Eben Howell had the honor to be chosen captain of the footbaal team both this year and the next. One of the class won individual honors in the state track and wrestling meets, thus enabling Ames High to win second place.

We helped Mr. Wygant solve his problem of assemblies by putting on an assembly in the form of an Orpheum bill which brought out the excellent talent in the class and was termed "classy" by everyone. Along this line we inaugurated the custom of having a Junior Class Play in A. H. S. by giving "Mrs. Temple's Telegram", a comedy of married life.

We decided that we wanted to have our Senior rings to wear all the time we were Seniors and not just two or three months, so after getting the con-

sent of the necessary authorities we started another custom in Ames High—that of getting class rings when Juniors.

A banquet was given for the Seniors at Elm Lodge, the toasts given being on the subject, "On Life's Road," and the whole banquet was voted a grand success. After a picnic at Sunset Rock we joyfully welcomed vacation.

At the end of said vacation we came back dignified (?) Seniors and elected the following officers:

President, Norman Graves
Vice-President, Vivian Griffith
Secretary, Esther Severson
Treasurer, Paul Downey
Advisors, Miss Miller and Miss McCorkindale

This year the Senior Girls won the Basketball Tournament and the captains of both the football and basketball teams were members of the class of '23. We have put out this annual and have tried to set examples of good sportsmanship, pep, and hard work. Altogether, we have enjoyed the four years in Ames High, but—the World beckons, so au revoir.

—Margaret Cleghorn—'23.

SENIOR WILL

We the Seniors of Ames High School, of the City of Ames, in the county of Story, in the State of Intoxication, being of unsound mind and failing in memory, do make, publish and declare this our last woolen testament, in manner following, that is to say, or in other words:

First—We direct that all our just debts and funeral expenses (cremation or otherwise) be paid.

Second—We give and bequeath to Messrs. Wygant, Bodwell and Stoddard, 500,000,000 rubles (15c) for movie machines and other pet speculations. (Institution for the education and development of blind mice and suffering cats.)

Third—We give and bequeath to the other inmates of the Asylum for Hysterical Sardines, ten tons of announcements, with due respect to the memory of Charles Ernest Wygant.

Third—The following escaping imbeciles do give and bequeath these few tokens of remembrance.

Bud Coe wills a pair of his socks to Francis Maroney for his next year's overcoat.

Dorothy Dragoun leaves Francis Henry to any Prep who will have him.

Lawrence Reis bequeaths a sack of peanuts to Mr. Wygant.

Barney Rew gives himself to Doris Prall.

Frank May wills nothing to nobody.

Mike Morris leaves his out-of-town friends to Eddie Loughran.

Florence Perkins gives her double dates to Hazel Richardson.

Arthur Davis bequeaths his melodius voice to Peely Jameson.

Vincent wills his horse-laugh to Edith Petty.

Doris Prall gives a generous amount of freckles to Carrie Clokey.

Leah Belle Briley bequeaths her canary-like warble to Frank Adams.

Rachael Van Nice wills her friendship with the Howls to Lorraine Grove.

"Handsome" Textrum, the Ladies' Man, leaves his title to Dwight Clark.

Charles Richey wills his affection for Nevada to Bob Williams.

Marian Smith gives her permanent wave to Gwen Gaston.

Eugene Nelson bequeaths his dignified air to Dorothy Pasely.

Mildred Persons wills the "high school rattlebox" to Guinea Aplin.

Herman Cole leaves his quiet, studious ways to Dorothy Duckworth.

Loran Bower wills his musical talent to Elmo Early.

The Barr Girls give all their pep and enthusiasm to Peely Jameson.

Ralph Thomas bequeaths his formula for physical development to George Starkey.

Glenn Foster leaves one of his bedroom slippers to Marion Rapp for a row-boat.

Marjorie Blakey wills her elaborate and charming coiffure to Margery Long.

Gordon Copeland leaves his membership in the Bachelor's Club to Danny McLeod.

Lois Grimm gives her length to Beatrice Iler.

Earl Carberry bequeaths his broadmindedness and generosity in sharing his girl to Dick McCarthy (who needs it).

Beryl Spinney wills her good opinion of herself to Danny McLeod.

Harold Haug leaves his ostrich stride to Lyle Roupe.

Grayce Stevens gives her cigarettes and vampish ways to Esther Day.

Fat Haverly bequeaths his middle name to Dean Frasche.

Dale Stoddard leaves "Peg o' My Heart" to Ted Macy.

Eb Howell gives his many good-looking neckties to his brother, Dana.

Donald Erickson wills his bike to Mr. Mast.

Bevier Spinney bequeaths his poker chips to Roland Halbasch.

Paul Holloway gives his surplus dates to Red Dunlap.

Margaret Goodwin leaves her curl to Charles Guthrie.

Helen Cupps will her car to Glen Rabuck.

Lastly, we hereby appoint Warren G. Harding executor of this our last woolen testament, hereby revoking this and all former wills by us made.

In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our seal the thirty-second day of May, in the year of our Lord 1923 B. C.

XYZ (Seal)

Witnessed by:

Santy Claws, residing at North Pole;

King Tut—amen, residing at Home (after Feb. 30, 19876J).

The crowd were holding their breath awaiting with great eagerness the final result. The struggle had started at noon and success had shifted back and forth among the contestants until only two were left.

The silence was depressing with its volume, while every now and then the swish and cracking of Doris Prall's gum could be heard above the tumult. Not a person moved except those that weren't standing still and every neck was stretched to the utmost.

The final phase of the match was in progress, which accounted for the open mouths and eyes and many expressions of Ah's and Oh's. The last move was made and the people forgot to breathe as they awaited for it to stop.

At last the suspense was over and the crowd gave way to loud cheers. Lon Link had won another marble meet.

SENIOR PROPHECY

Scene: Railroad Station.

Place: Ames.

Time: Fifteen years from now (1938).

The curtain rises, disclosing the Northwestern depot of Ames in 1938. Helen Cupps, of the class of '23, has replaced Mrs. Laughlin as train-caller; at the ticket window we recognize the well-known cake-eater of Ames High, otherwise known as Herman Cole; and our once famous half-miler, Laurence Reis, is the janitor.

Grayce Stevens, now Mrs. Ralph Thomas, enter, on the way home from a visit with Mamma, much agitated for fear she is late. Finding that she has three hours to wait, she starts a conversation with the janitor.

"My, I wish I had a chance to talk to all the people you do. I just love to talk to people, don't you? Well, bless my soul, ain't you Lolly Reis?"

Lolly nods his head.

"Well, what do you think of that. It's been a long time since I've seen you, but I've tried mighty hard to keep track of all our class of 1923. I've succeeded pretty well, too. There's quite a few of them that live in my home town. I'm from Nevada, you know. There's Clinton MacElyea; he keeps Mr. Mast's 'car' in condition and acts as chauffeur. And Norman Graves is editor of the Nevada Daily News. Arthur Davis is the society editor, and Vera Rodgers is the scandal reporter. It sure is the limit where she gets all her news, too. I sure....."

Train-Caller—"Eastbound train coming on track number 13, going south; all aboard for Boone, Nevada, Marshalltown and Chicago. All going to Nevada change cars at North Grant for Kelley."

Grayce—"What'd you say?"

Helen—"Grace Stevens!"

Grayce—"Why, Helen Cupps! What are you doing? Another one of our class. As I was telling Lolly, I got a letter from Marjorie Garretson the other day. You know she and Ardis Haverly are stenographers at Montgomery Ward's, and she said that she saw Eben Howell the other day, riding in the swellest car. You know he married one of the Swift sisters and has money galore. And guess who the chauffeur was. It was Vince Roupe. He was disappointed in love, and I s'pose that since Eb was an old friend of his, he gave him a new start in life. Marjorie said they went to a show and if they didn't see Kate Judge and Martha Groth in the Follies! I reckon they got their start back in the Carnival Vaudeville. The chorus may be all right, but I wouldn't want my daughter to be one of them. Who have you heard from, Helen?"

Helen—"Why, I got a letter from Florence Perkins. She and Peg Adams are designers for Madame Yucie in New York. They sure earn a lot of money, and they spend it, too. Have their own car and everything. Lois Grimm lives with them and does Social Service work. I suppose you know that Dorothy Dragoun divorced Frank May and is out in Hollywood vamping Tex. He's in the movies and is leading man for the former 'Baby Peggy.'"

Grayce—"Oh, yes; isn't he wonderful; I always go to see him. I wrote for his picture and he sent it, but Ralph made me tear it up. He said that these movie actors had broken up too many happy homes. (Deep sigh.)

Enter a stylish woman, whom they recognize as Marjorie Blakey, now Jazimova, the famous Russian tangle dancer.

Marjorie (to Helen)—“Would you kindly tell me when the next train leaves for the east.”

Helen—“Oh; I forgot all about it. It's been gone 20 minutes.”

Marjorie—“Oh dear! I was to sail for Europe Wednesday. You look rather familiar. Aren't you Helen Cupps of my old High School class?”

Helen—“Yes, I guess so, and here's Grayce Stevens and Lolly Reis, but I don't think I know you.”

Marjorie—“Why, isn't this delightful; I'm Marjorie Blakey.”

Grayce—“Oh, you're the Russian tangle dancer, ain't you? How thrilling! We have been talking about our old classmates. Have you seen any of them lately?”

Marjorie—“Why, Beryl and Bevier Spinney danced at the same theater I did in Paris. They are still doing the Argentine tango and are in great demand. Oh, yes, in Jugo-Slavia I visited a school where Gertrude Corfe was the gym teacher and Charles Richey the janitor.”

Grayce (interrupting)—“Say, Helen, what's Barney Rew doing?”

Helen—“Oh, he's doing thirty days again. He and Lawrence Wherry are always getting taken in for bootlegging.”

The group is interrupted by a sweet little high school girl.

Girl—“Oh, Miss Cupps, I'm the alumni editor for the 'Spirit' and I've been looking up members of the Class of '23. Could you tell me where Leah Belle Briley is?”

Helen—“She married a bald-headed Wall Street broker—for his money, I suppose. But say, tell us about the rest of them you've looked up.”

Girl—“Well, let me see—I began at the beginning of the alphabet (takes out notebook).

“Velma Allen is the private secretary of Henry Ford.

“Margaret Baldwin got married, but we can't locate her now.

“The Barr girls are instructors of agriculture at Vassar College.

“Margaret Batman runs the Coney Island Lunch Room in Nevada.

“Rollin Bonnell runs a bake shop, and specializes in French pastry and other fabrics.

“Loran Bower went to South Africa as a missionary and hasn't been heard from since. They hope—er—I mean, they think he's been eaten by cannibals.

“George Brownfield is the Dean of Vets at Iowa State College.

Margaret Cleghorn is a manicurist and lady barber in Chicago.

Ralph Conner is Lorren Textrum's valet and companion.

“Paul Downey was Secretary of the Treasury until he was arrested for embezzlement.

Frances and Laura Elliott run a beauty parlor and are vainly trying to bring back the style of bobbed hair.

“Donald Erickson is a deep sea diver in Hawaii.

“Lucille Fincham married a descendant of Bobbie Burns, the cigar manufacturer.

“Glen Foster is a traffic cop at the corner of Main and Kellogg.

Leon Fuller is a bell-hop in the Waldorff-Castoria.

“Bernice Griffith is street car conductor on the U. P. & Down Railroad, which usually runs between—stops.

“Mona Griffith is an amateur golf champion in France.

“Vivian Griffith is the head of the Y. W. C. A. in Siberia.

“Ray Iler married Florence Grove and clerks in a grocery store in Booneborough to support his happy family.

“Violet Hall is the matron of an orphan asylum.

"John Hamilton is a prominent engineer who was recently sent back to Mexico by the government.

"Harold Haug has invented the 'Gromore Fingernail Polish' and now resides in China, where he made his fortune.

"Marion Hoke is making a happy home for Eugene McFarland, who is a famous chemist in New York.

"Paul Holloway is an auto racer and recently won last place in the big Maxwell Park Race.

"James Holsinger is an eminent lawyer in Boston.

"Inez Hussong is now the principal of North Grant.

"Alice Kirchoff teaches typewriting in a big Denver High School.

"John Larson is a farmer and is raising cane near Story City.

"Ruth Miller and Jeannette Keuhl run a very select young ladies' boarding school in No-Man's-Land, and they boast that none of their graduates are flappers.

"Leslie Nordholm is a business man in Boone.

"Herbert Paulson is on the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit as a fancy skater.

"Beulah Powell is now the honored principal of Ames High.

"Blanche Sills lectures for the W. C. T. U.

"Leora Starkey keeps a day nursery in the Samoan Islands for pet monkeys, parrots and poodles.

"Dale Stoddard is selling toothbrushes in South Africa and Shorty Stokka sells electric fans to the Eskimos.

"Elizabeth Taylor is a jail warden at Fort Madison.

"Calvin Thompson is the minister of the Trinity Church in New York.

Hazel Thoreson is agent for Walter Camp's Reducing Records.

"Ruth Winter is teaching Comical Law at Huxley as Mr. Mast's assistant.

"I had a hard time locating Josephine Wright, but finally found that she is in the Secret Service Work.

"Clayton Schulz is the author of a series of Travel Stories. His best known works are: 'Around the World in a Bathtub,' 'Crime and How to Commit It,' and 'How to Care for Kids.' He obtained most of the material for the last one from Reuben Sheldahl's goat farm.

"Glen, Chester and Esther Severson operate a well-known Easter Egg ranch in the west.

"And that's all I could find. Do any of you know what happened to Earl Carberry?"

Lolly—"Why, he died of a broken heart about five years ago when Marian Smith married the owner of the Livingston Bottle Works of Boone. And say, you didn't mention Margaret Proctor. Didn't you know that Peg jilted Gordy for the Prince of Whales? Gordon is now a wealthy bachelor and a member of the most exclusive clubs in New York. Now, I think——"

Helen—"Say, little girl, I've got some good scandal on Margaret Goodwin, although you've probably read about her in the papers. She's wanted by the police for pickpocketing, and have you got Lyle Haverly? Well, he was her first victim. He runs a jewelry store in Baltimore and she unburdened him of a few thousand."

Grayce—"Well, now, I always thought Margaret a little irresponsible. Do you know that Bud Coe is still at Iowa? He has taken three different courses so that he could stay with the Champion Tiddly-Winks team, and Ralph Morris is an unsuccessful politician. Between times he runs a livery stable at Colo."

Girl—"Where's Doris Prall?"

Helen—"Oh, she married that red-headed man from Boone. They are bareback riders in the Barnum & Bailey Circus and Mildred Person is the bearded lady. She and Doris have fun together, I s'pose."

Grayce—"Do you want to know about Geneva Kulow? She is still waiting for Orrie to get the job he has been trying for ever since he graduated from High School—that of inspecting milk cans. And have you heard of Rachael Van Nice?"

Girl—"Is she the Miss Van Nice we read about in the New York Herald? You know, the pianist."

Helen—"Oh, yes. And I just read that she had married Eugene Walsh, the inventor of the breakfast food that needs no milk. It's made from ground milk weed. Oh, yes, and did you have Clarence Iden? He is Professor of Flunkology at Harvard. They say that Eugene Nelson tried for two years to pass the stuff and finally, in despair, tried to kill Clarence. Eugene is serving time now."

Grayce—"Isn't that my train? Goodness, I sure can tell the neighbors a lot. Well, good-bye; so glad I saw you all."

Curtain falls as all rush for train.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

To give the people an idea of the talent contained in the Senior Class, the play "What Happened to Jones," was chosen as the one best fitted for the purpose.

The cast was well picked and have worked hard to make the play a success and worthy of being called the Senior Class Play.

CAST

Jones, Hymn Book Agent.....	Ralph Conner
Ebenezer Goodly, Professor of Anatomy.....	Eben Howell
Antony Goodly, D. D., Bishop of Ballarat.....	Paul Holloway
Richard Heatherly, Engaged to Marjorie.....	Clinton McElvea
Thomas Holder, a Policeman.....	Lyle Haverly
William Bigbee, Inmate of Sanitorium.....	Herman Cole
Henry Fuller, Sup't of Sanitorium.....	Gordon Copeland
Mrs. Goodly, Ebenezer's Wife.....	Margaret Cleghorn
Cissy, Ebenezer's Ward.....	Margaret Adams
Marjorie, Ebenezer's Daughter.....	Margaret Goodwin
Minerva, Ebenezer's Daughter.....	Margaret Proctor
Alvina Starlight, Mrs. Goodly's Sister.....	Beryl Spinney
Helma, Swedish Servant.....	Marian Hoke

Director—Marjorie E. Lynch

Business Manager—Paul Downey

Stage Manager—Herbert Paulson

Assistant Stage Manager—Lawrence Wherry

The setting is the fashionable residence of Professor Goodly in a fair-sized city. Action centers around Jones, who arrives in time to save Prof. Goodly from the police by a clever imitation of the professor's brother, the Bishop. Many funny scenes result and keep the play moving from start to finish.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM

For the first time in the history of the Ames High School, the class of '23 gave a Junior class play and did so well with it that it has been established as a custom in the High School.

The play, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," is an English play, taking place in London. The husband, Mr. Temple, is out all night and when his wife refused to believe the truth he lied to her and started the ball rolling. One lie followed another until finally things came to a head and were all explained to the satisfaction of everyone.

The cast was as follows:

Mr. Temple.....	Norman Graves
Mrs. Temple	Beryl Spinney
Mr. Fuller.....	Clinton McElyea
Wiggins	Bevier Spinney
Mr. Brown.....	Vincent Roupe
Mrs. Brown.....	Kathryn Judge
Dorothy	Jeannette Kuehl
Captain Sharpe.....	Charles Welch
Mrs. Fuller.....	Margaret Proctor

Director—Marjorie Lynch

Business Manager—Eben Howell

Assistant Business Manager—Earl Carberry

Owing to the sickness of Vincent Roupe at the time of the play, Eben Howell, the business manager, had to take his place, and did it very well.

To you who are unable to get in on the inside dope, I will endeavor to portray to you one of the bloodiest scenes since the days of the French Revolution.

As I was making my rounds of Spirit Land one night, I heard the sounds of hushed voices. At first it sounded as though several persons were conversing, but as I came nearer I found that there were only two. Strange words fell upon my ears, such as, "I believe this fellow should be cut closer to the chin, while that next woman there should be struck about the center." The victims lay huddled together, afraid to move or utter a sound.

I looked on in horror as the next victim, a beautiful young girl, was dragged forth. The two heartless executors laughed and joked about the girl's beauty and calmly and cruelly decided on her punishment. I shuddered as her slender body was laid upon the block and the forms adjusted. I closed my eyes as the knife was raised and lowered and her head severed from the rest of her body.

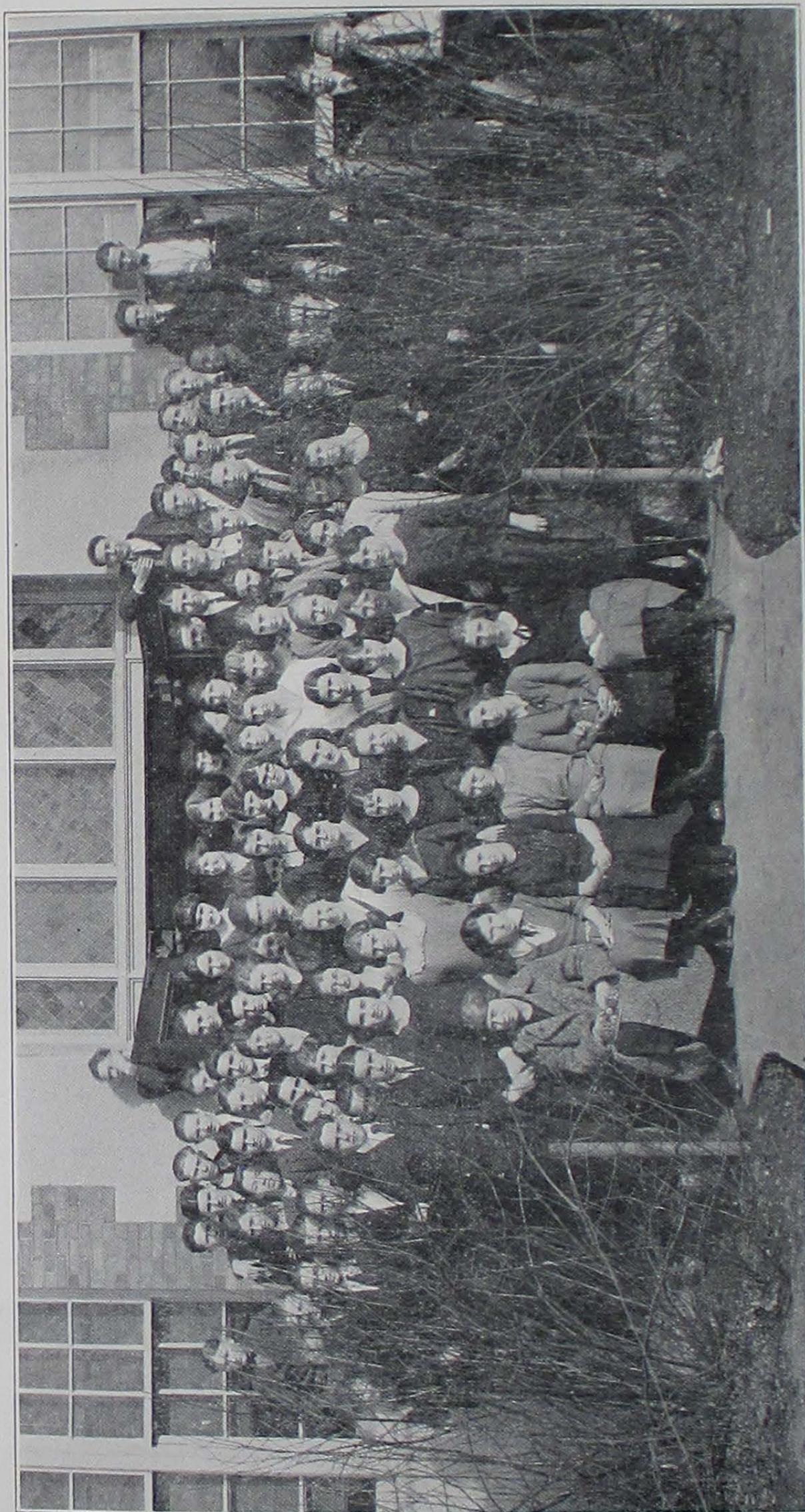
One of the men exclaimed, "Excellent she looks; better than before."

Nearly fainting, I opened my eyes and almost astounded, I agreed with him. But to clear up this mystery, I will let you in on the secrets of the inner circle. It was only the editor and business manager trimming pictures for the "Annual."

JUNIORS



JUNIOR CLASS



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE JUNIORS

In the fall of 1920 we, about one hundred Freshmen, entered A. H. S. with a feigned dignity and an innocent bewilderment in our new-found situation. You may find it hard to realize that the dignified and capable Juniors of today were the bashful, green Preps of yesterday, so let us turn our thoughts back to that time for a few minutes.

We will remember that Donald Acheson had to stretch his legs so he could reach the floor; that Vivian Snooks, loathe to put aside mud-pie days, wore half-socks; that Jerry and Ducky were innocent and inexperienced youngsters in knee pants; that Thelma Womack had long curls; and the class of '24 was too modest to realize that it was the most intelligent class ever yet entered in Ames High School.

We had a very pleasant year as "Preps" with Miss Britton and Miss King as advisors. The class officers were Jerry Morrissey, President; Al Martin, Vice-President; Margery Long, Treasurer, and Cleo Duckworth, Secretary. At the big social event of the year we tried to conduct school with Clarence Logsdon as principal, assisted by a corps of competent teachers, including Margery Long as Miss Rayburn. The real Miss Rayburn and Mr. Wygant were found to be very disorderly and had to be reprimanded several times for their misbehavior.

We showed our skill as cooks at our hot lunch counter at the carnival and as actors with two assembly programs. Al Martin, "Red" Innis, Orrie Roe and Wilbur Oberg represented us in athletics.

At the start of our Sophomore year we chose Miss Atwood to help Mrs. Gantt, formerly Miss King, guide us through the year of pride. Their helpers were Frances Fish, President; Donald Innis, Vice-President; Margery Long, Secretary, and Blanche Hoffmeister, Treasurer.

We had two parties and a picnic at the Bluffs. The first party was a Halloween masquerade and Frances McDowell and Mary Sloan won the prize for the best dressed couple. We discovered that Donald Kennedy makes a splendid girl. The second party was a track meet at which Mr. Mast showed his skill as a pie-eater.

In athletics we had "Red" Innis, Al Martin, Orrie Roe and Wilbur Oberg to again represent us, while Margery Long was Joke Editor on the Spirit Staff. Again we showed our talent by giving an assembly program with a play and a special "Galosh" dance. We had a real live circus for the carnival.

Spring took one of our best loved members, Mary Sloan, after several days illness. Altho we will never have her with us again here, she will always live in the hearts of her classmates as one of the best all around girls ever known.

At the beginning of this, our Junior year, we had Mrs. Maun and Miss St. Clair given to us as advisors and chose Isabel Little for President; Frances McDowell for Vice-President; Floyd Williams, Secretary, and Donald Acheson, Treasurer.

We have had more representatives in the various school activities than either of the other years. In athletics there were Orrie Roe, Al Martin, "Bert" Allen, Leo Shulz, John Carberry, Clarence Allen, and Ted Macy. The Junior Boys won the class basketball tournament this year. Those playing were Clarence Allen, Orrie Roe (Captain), "Bill" Steele, John Carberry and Leo Shultz. They were given numerals as a reward for their hard work.

Two Juniors were on the debating team, Margery Long and Donald Acheson. On the Spirit Staff were John Hawley, assistant business manager; Don-

ald Acheson, assistant editor; Jerry Morrissey, assistant advertising manager; Margery Long, Clarence Daubert, Ted Macy, Frances Fish, and Edmund Loughran. Lyle Porter and Einer Jenson were on the High School judging team which won not only at both of the County Live Stock and Grain Judging Contests, but at the State Contest also.

We gave the play "Fifty-Fifty", which was a great success; had charge of the minstrel for the carnival and the Junior-Senior banquet, and had a valentine party and a picnic, which were enjoyed by all. Soon we will be wearing our class pins as a symbol that we are Seniors and about to leave good old Ames High School.

—Francis Fish—'24.

JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

On the evening of December 15, 1922, in keeping with the custom originated the year before, the Junior Class presented the play "Fifty-Fifty". The action centered around a young artist and a young author, both of whom were broke, but lived on in hopes of striking it rich. By much lying and clever conversation they managed to sell some pictures and stories and became famous over night. However, they are so entangled by falsehoods that it takes them a long while to clear themselves, but everything turns out all right and everyone is happy.

The cast did very well under the able direction of Miss Marjorie Lynch and the large audience was very well pleased with the production.

Cast—

Henry Brown (an Artist).....	Edmund Loughran
Paul Green (an Author).....	George Thurber
Patrick O'Malley (a Janitor).....	Daniel McLeod
Mrs. Podge (the Landlady).....	Isabel Little
Sophie Bland (a Dancer).....	Ida Meldrum
May Dexter (an Enthusiast).....	Faye Carter
Mrs. Hawley (a Collector).....	Dorothy Thompson
Smudge (a Valet).....	Jerome Miller
"Cap" (a Wanderer).....	Charles Duckering
Josephine (a Seeker).....	Mable Lawler

Director—Miss Marjorie Lynch

Business Manager—John Hawley

Assistant Business Manager—Donald Acheson

Stage Manager—Rolland Halbasch

Assistant Stage Manager—Orrie Roe

SOPHOMORE



SOPHOMORE CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

On September 4, 1921, about eighty-five would be soldiers enlisted for the great war to be waged against the studies of the first year in Ames High School. They were first drilled in disagreeable tasks and endurance tests—sticks are awfully hard—by the already organized companies of upper classmen. The privates were accustomed to hard things, so they passed all difficulties without injuries and often left broken weapons of warfare out on "No-Man's Land" (the school grounds).

"Peele" Jameson became general and was assisted by Harriet King. Ernestine Davidson came next in rank as keeper of books and George Sherwood took charge of the money. General overseers were Miss Easter and Miss Morning.

During the war the soldiers had to have recreation, so Company I "put on" some scenes from "Uncle Tom's Cabin". All companies agreed that Company I knew how to entertain. Toward the close of the first half of the year, Company I was again provided with entertainment in the form of a Christmas Party.

When January came, everyone was called to headquarters and informed that the enemy was closing in on them and would attack about January the eighth. All the laggards began to work with might and main to forestall this coming attack of the enemy—semester exams. Some passed them without injury and some were badly wounded.

Peace—rest from exams—was insured again until spring and the next "fierce" attack, by signing the peace treaty—the report cards—and privates and officers went for a picnic in the rain.

Nothing happened for three months, during which time the soldiers were on furlough. Then on September 18, 1922, they were again called in for active service.

Leaders were appointed; Anita Sill in command, Frances Cole her assistant, Alice Belknap as general keeper of books, and Keith Queal as money handler. Miss Morning resigned, but Miss Easter, now Mrs. Wilson, and Miss Atwood, sent from headquarters to supervise the work, accomplished it with apparent ease.

The "Big Stir" caught them during the first term of service—soldiers surely can have good times.

By the time they were ready for the worst attack of that year, again the semester exams, they were veterans and organized into Company II. In that battle many became famous for their good deeds, but some became notorious for their bad deeds, but all were given a chance to start over.

The last report for 1923 stated that Company I made a great success of "The County Fair," their part in the big carnival held for all companies.

—Beatrice Iller—'25.

When Pa Gets Mad

I ain't afraid of mother, coz she's al-
ways mighty nice.
Instead of givin' spankin's all she
gives us is advice;
An' I ain't afraid of sister when I'm
teasing her, coz she
Has been told whatever happens she
must keep her hands off me.
An' I ain't afraid of grandpa when
I'm doin' somethin' bad—
But you bet I stop my nonsense
when Pa gits mad.

My mother jus' looks solemn an' gits
awful long of face
When I'm kickin' up a rumpus and
upsettin' all the place;
An' Sis says, "Ma, I tell you if that
child belonged to me
I'd have him right this minute lyin'
flat across my knee!"
An' grandpa sits an' chuckles, but
there's nobody that's glad
Or thinks it very funny when my Pa
gets mad.

'Tain't often that he scolds me, but
when he does, gee whiz!
You just get awful trembly with
that angry look of his.
An' he starts right in a shoutin'
loud the things he's going to do,
While Ma, she 'shushes' at him coz
she's kinder frightened, too.
But nothin' ever happens—that is,
nothin' very sad—
'Cept I know I'm awful sorry when
Pa gits mad.

FRESHMEN



FRESHMAN CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

In the fall of '22 once again the doors of the old High School opened and not mentioning the upper-classmen, who were quite composed by their past experience in the familiar halls, about one hundred scared Preps with faint hearts and trembling knees entered for four years of work (?) and play. They immediately proceeded to violate the old proverb, "Freshmen should be seen, and not heard," and elected the following officers Robert Speers, President; Frances Reis, Vice-President; Gale Allen, Secretary; Helen Alm, Treasurer. Miss McKay and Miss Weeks were their class sponsors and Frances Reis and Gale Allen were their class reporters.

The Hi. Y. and Y. W. held a big mixer, something new for the inexperienced Preps. Each class put on a stunt and the Preps put on a "peppy" as well as "preppy" one.

During December plans were made for the class party which was held in the gym January 12. As means of entertainment a basketball game was staged between the Ninth Grade at Welch and the Preps. After the game everyone went to the auditorium, where a play called "Honest and Honorable" was put on by the program committee. Later refreshments were served.

When the girls' inter-class basketball tournament was held, the Freshmen girls lost their games, but the team showed that with more practice they would have better success next year.

It was not long until work on the Carnival began. As usual the Preps were given command of the "Hot Eats." These were served in the typewriting room which turned into a delightful Japanese tearoom, proved popular with everyone.

—Dorothy J. Duckworth—'26.

The time of Day I do not tell,
As some do, by the clock;
Or by the distant chiming bell,
Set on some steeple-top.
But by the progress that I see
In what I have to do,
It's either Done o'clock to me,
Or only Half-past Through.

JUNIOR HIGH



WELCH NINTH GRADE HISTORY

"Alas," mourned the hall clock, "the ninth grade is gone forever!"

"I will never forget the day in September when they first came to this Hall of Knowledge, seeking wisdom! When I gazed down upon their bright faces, I knew they would accomplish great things, and make a place for themselves in the annals of Welch School.

"A short time after the opening of school, they held election of class officers. Edna Mortenson was chosen president; Fred Welsh, vice-president; Opal Tripp, secretary; Robert Sloan, treasurer, and Madelyn Murray, class reporter.

Although they were pioneers in the establishment of a Junior High in Ames, this did not rob them of pleasure and gaiety. On Hallowe'en they met to celebrate the night set apart for the revelry of ghosts, witches, and goblins.

Later the monotonous routine of studying was relieved by a bob party, an Easter party at Jerrold Feroe's home, and a birthday party given by Helen Ruggles and Ruth Clay.

"Their greatest wish for those pushing up to take their place is that they may profit by their mistakes, and have as jolly a time as they did at Welch."

ALUMNI

Again the "Spirit" and his helpers have left a report. This time it concerns those who have left behind their high school days and are now making names for themselves. As it is impossible for the "Spirit" to interview every one who has thus departed, this report will be sadly incomplete and is subject to revision.

Some of those attending I. S. C. are:

Burton Olson	Irma Olsan
Cleve Welch	Russell Thompson
Anson Marston	Maurice Smith
Myrle Smith	Nell Taylor
Frank Kulow	Harriet Sloss
Earl Downey	Barbara Stanton
Alvin Thornburg	Agnes Noble
Verne Adamson	Ralph Dove
Margaret Van Patten	Clarence Goddard
Bryce Gamble	Roy Bennett
Mary Reed	Fred Stoddard
Maxine Smith	Ben Wagner
Bartlett Proctor	Majorie French
Vernon Textrum	Earl Elliot
Earl Hunter	Wayne Cupps
Gertrude Reis	Emmet Carberry
Margaret Sloss	Sam Carter

A few of those who are doing otherwise are:

Melvina Allen—Pecking the keys at Union National Bank.

Rufus Hoon—Putting in time at Highway Commission.

William Olsan—"Don't send me shoesies when it's posies that I need."

Howard Gore—Riding around in Nelson Commission Co.'s truck.

William Tanner—Art designer for Tilden Mfg. Co.

Robert Potter—Counting other people's money at Story County Bank.

Clinton Adams—Drinking pink tea at Northwestern.

Edward Judge—One reason for keeping the Highway Commission here.

Irwin Douglas—A few more years at Monmouth and he will be Rev. Douglas.

Lucille Grove—Stenographer at I. S. C.

Elizabeth Hawley—Learning to tame the heathen at Oberlin.

Camilla Sorenson—Her name has been discarded.

Loreen Ragsdale—Fell for a preacher's son.

Homer Tostlebe—Living high in Colorado.

Percy Adams—Flunkey for Ames Theater Co.

Earl Brooks—Working for the State.

Alfred Carlton—Junior at Oberlin College.

Marvin Sogard—Teaching and coaching at Adel.

Harry Williams—May be next mayor of Des Moines.

Lowell Houser—Attending Chicago Art Institute.

LITERARY

FIRST PRIZE IN STORY CONTEST

THE ORANGE SERPENT

Villa, a desperate Mexican outlaw, was planning a raid. "Just one more leetle hour and we be rich," chuckled this man over a game of cards. "Col-lin's dance hall take ver' much money on nights like dis. Ver' eazy we do dees, ha! ha!" And he went on with his game of cards.

But his plan did not work and Villa was captured. He had attempted to kill the barkeeper, so he was sentenced to ten years hard labor in the state prison. The first day he sat moping around. But in the night something must have happened, for the next day Villa's eyes sparkled and he worked with a vigor hardly explainable in a prisoner sentenced to ten years. The watchman and warden kept an eye on him and often conversed in low tones about him.

"I tell you that fellow acts too spry, something is up his sleeve," spoke the warden in an angry voice, for he had been arguing.

I don't think anything is wrong. That all wears off in a day or two," replied the watchman, for he pitied Villa because he was so small to wield the heavy sledge hammers.

The next morning when all doors were unlocked, the alarm suddenly boomed out. A prisoner was gone. Who was he? It was Villa. The warden had discovered it. The watchman came running and was surprised to be confronted by the raging warden, who cast a suspicious eye on him.

"Jinks," thundered the warden, "you will please report to the chief."

Jinks, astounded, stumbled off toward the office. Just before he reached the door he put his hand in his pocket and to his surprise found a steel saw. Slowly he glanced around. No one was in sight. To his left was a small crack in the wall.

"Just large enough," he thought. It was hard work to stick the saw in, but he finally pushed all but the handle in. It went very slow. What would happen if——

"Never mind, Jinks," spoke a harsh voice. "It's no use, we've got the goods on you all right." The voice belonged to the warden.

"Yes, but——"

"Shut up!"

Jinks had been questioned, but the little saw had convinced the chief that he was guilty. Then one night, as Jinks sat discouraged and sick at heart, waiting for the trial, a voice came out of the darkness under his window. It spoke with a foreign accent.

"What about dees warden? Did you look at de handle of de saw? Maybe you find someone's name there, huh? He is ver' much anxious to have you in jail, huh? Me, the Orange Serpent, knows who de saw belongs to. Maybe you never look just by de handle, maybe?" Then the voice ceased as silently

and quickly as it had come. Jinks was staring with bulging eyes out of the window. Below his cell on a bush was a glowing orange figure in the shape of a snake, to prove the truth of the matter that the voice was that of the so-called Orange Serpent.

"Strange, wasn't it," thought Jinks, "but I believe I saw something orange on that saw. Then he began to think hard.

The next morning an excited Jinks asked to see the chief. "Sir, may I have permission to see that saw?"

"Yes; Coats, bring that saw in here."

The instrument was brought and there, in blazing orange letters, in a little crack where a piece of wood was broken off the handle, were the initials I. M. V. The very initials of the warden! Where was he? How did the saw get in Jinks' pocket?

For days the police searched for the missing warden and found him at last in a dirty shack in the suburbs. He was arrested and taken back to the prison. He was to be tried the following morning.

The courtroom was full, for almost everyone had heard about the strange events concerning the case. The jury filed in.

"Your Honor, we find the man g——"

Hiss-s-s-, went something in the corner of the room. Everyone turned with a jump and began to stare with fright. On a blank place of the wall, in bright orange lettering, appeared some words.

"It was my saw. Try to catch me if you can. Ha! ha!" The words were signed, "I. M. V., The Orange Serpent." A small wiggling form like a worm began to grow and grow until it covered the words.

People fled in every direction. Even the jury fled. The judge hurried down from the bench, called the police and sent them to locate the reason for the strange writing.

Weeks and weeks and weeks the police and detectives worked. Always when they returned to their offices a card had been shoved under the door bearing the words, "Don't meddle with the Orange Serpent." Finally they gave up in despair.

Jinks went on with his work, but the warden resigned. Jinks was to occupy the former warden's rooms.

He was sitting in his new room one night thinking over the case when he happened to glance at the woodwork. What was that orange corner sticking up? His curiosity aroused, Jinks, the new warden, pulled the card out. It was not exactly a card, but a piece of orange pasteboard cut in the shape of a snake. On it were the words "April 12. We put it over very much mebbe, brudder? Meet vis me ze sixteenth at Darby's. We go away zen maybe? I. M. V." Jinks read again. Undoubtedly it belonged to the former warden. This was the sixteenth. He must hurry if he wanted to catch them. He caught up his hat, ran down the steps and dashed into the chief's office. He threw the card on the desk and panted out.

"Two of your best men, sir, I'm—going— after them."

Two of the best were given him and away they went. Half an hour later they came back with I. M. V., alias the Orange Serpent, alias Villa, and the warden.

"Hurry up, Villa, tell your story and tell it all," said the chief in such a terrible voice Villa shook.

"It was dees way. Dees man ees my brudder. He go get my saw, give it to me till I get out. Den he not know what to do with it. I sees dees man's coat so I tells him to put it in de pocket. The word and pictures on the wall I

did with a camera in one leetle hole in de wall. When I find out dees man was in jail I find out my brudder put him there and take all de money and is going away without me; I don't like that so I came under de window and tell him something. Dat is all I tells and all I knows." With a shrug he quit.

"Very well; put them in chains, Jinks. Sorry to have caused you the embarrassment the other day, Jinks." And the chief shook hands with the happy and highly honored Jinks.

POSSIBLE BUT NOT PROBABLE

Dick Brown stole stealthily into the treasury room of the First National Bank of Carew. He took furtive glances about him, and seeing no one, advanced and closed the door. In front of him stood the safe and within that safe—money!

He turned the knob. Suddenly he straightened. Why should he do it? But he must have money, and no one would give him work. There were already fifty unemployed men in the town. And there was the wedding. In one week he and Lucille would be married. And unless he got money from somewhere they would not have enough to live on. And one cannot live on love alone. If he could only get one hundred dollars it would be enough. That would pay for the patent and the attorney's fee and there would perhaps be some left over. Then he would put his machine on the market and he would be a rich man. It would be easy enough to pay back the hundred dollars then.

He pulled out his handkerchief and quickly turned the knob. He had seen his brother, who was a teller in the bank, open the safe and he knew the combination. He reached in his hand and drew forth a roll of bills from which he took one hundred dollars. Softly, then, he closed the safe and withdrew from the room.

But a certain gloom had settled over him. He tried to think of Lucille, but all he could see was her reproachful eyes looking at him. He even tried to whistle, but a dirge came from his lips. He knew he had done wrong, but no one would ever know it. He would never tell anyone. And then when he sold his first machine he would pay back the money.

The next day, as the two brothers sat down to their noon meal, the theft was the chief topic of discussion. But Dick had foreseen all this and had come prepared for the discussion.

"Do you have any clue to the robber, Dave?" asked Dick.

"Yes, we have. The thief, in order not to leave any finger marks, evidently used a handkerchief to open the safe with, and very obligingly left it behind. Dick, (here he lowered his voice), that handkerchief has an initial embroidered in the corner and that initial is "D". I happen to be the only one whose name begins with "D" who works in the bank. Naturally I am suspected of the crime. If there is a trial, and, of course, there will be, there will be nothing I can say or do to prove that I was innocent. If I say that I was at home all evening they will not believe me. The handkerchief will be sufficient evidence to mark me as the guilty one. Dick, do you think I am guilty? Do you? Speak, Dick! How can you? You know that I would not think of stooping so low as to steal only one hundred dollars from the bank. Tell me, Dick!"

Dick's face was ashen, and the eyes that looked at his brother were glassy and unnaturally brilliant. He stood up and swayed so that Dave reached out to steady him. He tried to speak, but the words would not come. He could

not think; his brain was clogged. He was stiffling. Suddenly, with a moan, he threw himself on the davenport and cried out, "No, Dave. I believe you. I know you did not steal the money! I—I—Oh, Dave!"

Dave put his arms around his younger brother and patted his shoulder.

"There, Dick. Don't work yourself up like this. Why, your cheeks are feverish. I think perhaps we had better have the doctor."

Putting his words into actions, he stepped into the hall and lifted the receiver of the telephone.

Meanwhile Lucille, in her home, was entertaining a group of young girls who had come to spend the day with her. She was joyously happy and the gifts which the girls had brought with them brought a fresh glow to her cheeks and sparkles to her eyes. She was fairly bubbling over with happiness.

"Oh, girls! Do look at this. Isn't it perfectly beautiful! Oh, you adorable Jean, to think of me in that exquisite way! What a darling luncheon set! Girls, I have enough to start housekeeping right now. And girls, there is something I've been wanting to tell you for a long while. You know that Dick hasn't very much money and our home won't be as rich as we would like to have it, but it will be a home, girls, and, after all, that is the main thing. We really love each other and we will be perfectly happy anywhere. You girls must come and see us even though we aren't strictly up to date. You will, won't you?"

"Of course we will, Lucille," spoke up Jean. "We'll come just as soon as ever you get settled."

When the doctor arrived at the Brown home he found a very nervous and excited young man. After examination he turned to Dave and said rather suspiciously, "Has anything happened lately to upset him? Any love affair or business failure?"

"Yes," answered Dave. "I don't hardly see how it would affect him so much, though. I am suspected of the theft in the First National Bank and he has just found it out. I am innocent, but it has affected him strangely and I am worried. Is he very ill? He was perfectly well yesterday."

"No; just keep him in bed for a day or two and he will be all right. Don't let anyone come to see him that would start him off again, however. I'll be back again tomorrow. Good-day."

But Dick did not get better. The thought that he would put his brother in jail kept after him day and night. It haunted him till he wanted to scream. It took all of Dave's physical force to keep Dick in bed. During the night Dick fell into delirium. Dave, thinking he might hear something which would explain things, drew a chair to Dick's bedside and listened to his ravings.

"Judge—Dave—not guilty! I—safe—at night. Money—bills! Don't put Dave—jail! Patent—fees—pay back—wedding—Lucille! Don't—Dave—to jail!"

So that was it. Dick had stolen the money to buy his patent. Well—he would keep Dick's secret. He would pay the money and take Dick's punishment. It would mean so much to Lucille!

So, in a few days, when Dick was better, Dave asked him if he could stay alone for a while. He said he had some important business to be looked after. Dick consented and let Dave go to the trial all unsuspecting.

At the trial, when the evidence was brought against him and Dave was asked what he had to say for himself, he said he was guilty. But just at this point, the doctor arose from the audience and said he would like to say something. He was called to the witness stand and was put under oath. Then

turning, he said: "What I have to say may be something worth while and it may not, but whatever it is I don't want the person to be dealt with rashly. The other night, the night of the robbery, I was called out suddenly. My route lay by the bank and as I passed I noticed a man come out of the bank and walk slowly down the street. As he did not see me (I was on the other side of the street), he passed under the full glare of the street light. That man was not David Brown. It was his brother, Dick. He has worked himself into a state of sickness and he is now convalescing. I have waited this long thinking that Dick would confess, as I know him to be a young man of high character. My suggestion would be to get the confession from Dick, ask him to pay back the money, and then do all in our power to put him back on his feet. He is to be married within the week, I am informed. It will be better for him and for his fiancée if this affair is not discussed in public. It will be a lesson for young Dick, and I am sure it will never be repeated again. Please don't be too harsh on the boy. That is all I ask of you."

A low ripple of conversation circled the room. Suddenly a door opened and in came—Dick. He was haggard and pale and hardly able to walk. How had he known there was any trial? How did he find out? He walked to the platform and faced the people. On his face a look of triumph had come, and he addressed the people calmly.

"Fellow citizens, I have just learned from one of my servants that this trial is now going on. I have come to tell you that my brother is innocent. He did not steal that money. I did. I have brought it back." Here he put his hand into his pocket, drew out the bills and laid them on a table.

"You may do with me whatever you wish. I am guilty!"

When the jury returned with their verdict everyone became instantly silent. Then the judge stood up and began to read.

"The jury has decided that Dick Brown is guilty of theft, but, under the circumstances, no sentence will be made. Mr. Brown will be given work, under parole, of course, and will be allowed to continue his life as an ordinary citizen. This will not be allowed to become public talk and we hereby wish Dick Brown success."

Then what a cheering filled the room. Everyone was anxious to reach the platform and grasp Dick's hand. Dick was completely overcome by this decision, and the tears filled his eyes. Why were they so good to him?

That evening when Lucille came to see him, he told her the whole story and begged her to break her engagement, saying that he was not good enough for her. For answer Lucille went to him and twining her arms around his neck, said, "Dick, your confession has meant more to me than a thousand good things you have done. It shows me that you are a man. Can you give me any sufficient reason why we should part?"

Dick could not.

—By Ruth Miller, '23.

FIRST PRIZE IN PLAY CONTEST

"DOUBLE CROSSED"

ACT I

Scene—A reception room. There are three large windows hung with heavy curtains, and two doors at opposite sides of the room.

Characters:

Paige—a foreigner (Mme.'s brother)

Mme. Cordant—A confidential messenger

Williams—An English consul

Lena—Mme.'s maid

Joe—A crook

SCENE I

Enter Lena; she draws curtains together and lights the lamp. The doorbell rings and as voices are heard approaching, she slips behind the heavy curtains. Paige and Williams enter. Paige paces nervously up the length of the room, pulls out his watch and frowns.

Paige: "She ought to be here."

Will: "She should not have been paid until she delivered the letter. I'd lay a wager she isn't here."

Paige: "Sir, that is an insult!"

Will: "Take it as such then."

Paige: "If I were not on His Majesty's business, I would——"

Will: "I'll wager you're looking out for your own business more than the king's."

Paige: "No more."

Enter Mme. Cordant. She is greatly agitated and collapses into the nearest chair.

Mme.: "It's gone! Gone!"

Will: "Gone?" (Stupified)

Mme.: "I put it in my locket. A large, old-fashioned locket, curiously wrought. I could tell it anywhere. When I went to get the locket it was gone."

Will: "The servants? Would any of them have taken it?"

Mme.: "None of them know of it. I hired them all in America."

Will: "Paige, call a good detective agency."

(Paige goes to telephone and calls agency.)

Paige: "Please send a couple of detectives immediately to 272 Park street."

(Hangs up.)

Will: "Did all of them have good references?"

Mme.: "What? The servants? Oh, yes, very good ones."

Mme. (thoughtfully): "There was one, the maid, who has access to my room. She might have—but no, that was impossible."

(Doorbell.)

Will: "I believe that's the detectives. We had best meet them and explain."

(Exit Paige, Mme., and Williams.)

(Lena comes from behind the curtain and goes to telephone, where she cautiously calls a number.)

Lena: "Hello. This is Lena speaking. Yes; listen. I've got something good for you, Joe. Why am I telling you? Because I can't put it over myself. You thought I was going straight. Well, 'once a crook, always a crook.' You'll do it, won't you? Yes; blackmail. No; I can't tell you more over the phone. Let's see; everyone will be out tonight and you drop around. All right. Good-bye."

Lena hangs up and leaves quickly.)

(Enter Mme., Williams and Paige.)

Mme.: "Lena, bring my cloak." (Lena brings it.)

Will: "Paige, it is no use. Even the best detective can do nothing without clues. I guess we'll just have to drop it."

(Exit Mme., Paige, and Williams.)

A little while later the doorbell rings. Lena answers. A moment later Lena and Joe enter the reception room.

Joe: "Hurry up, kid. It makes me nervous here."

Lena: "Listen, Joe! Mme. Cordant has lost a valuable paper. She'd give anything to get it back, I know. Now, all you have to do is find that paper."

Joe: "Huh! Tell me about it first."

Lena: "I slipped behind the curtains and listened. Paige and Williams came in. Then Mme. ran in excited-like and said it was stolen."

Joe: "What's it?"

Lena: "A secret commission to Col. Williams. It means much loss to him if it falls into alien hands."

Joe: "How much if it falls into his hands? Five thousand?"

Lena: "Fifty if he had it."

Joe: "How do you know so much?"

Lena (carelessly): "Oh; I surmised it."

Joe: "Well, we got some fine clues, we have not! Say, why does this guy Williams and Mme. Cordant want it so bad?"

Lena: "I haven't any idea."

Joe: "I have. Make them both pay."

Lena: "Oh!"

Joe: "Well, that narrows it down considerably. It's my idea some swell guy copped it or hired some one to cop it. I'll sort 'a find out, you know.'"

Lena: "Yes! Yes! and I'll help; but you must go now, the folks may return and catch us."

(Exit Joe.)

SCENE II

Some time later Mme. Cordant and Paige enter the room. Mme. is plainly nervous, paces up and down, and at last drops into a chair.

Mme.: "This is too much for me."

Paige: "Come, come, it's all right."

Mme.: "I distrust the Colonel. I'm sure I don't know why, but I do."

Paige (as Lena enters): "Well, we'll search your room."

(Exit Paige and Mme.)

Lena (in a whisper): "Joe, are you here?"

(Joe slips out from behind the curtains.)

Joe: "Yeah. I been hiding here fer the last half hour. I searched this Williams house, but I didn't find nothing, and there ain't nobody at Kelly's made a big haul, so I know it weren't no thug did it. I'm going through that guy Paige's room and see if I can find anything. You give me the high sign some time when they're gone."

Lena: "Sure, Mike."

(Curtain)

Same Scene. Two days later

Enter Lena. She is repeating out loud her instructions.

Lena: "Unlatch the window. Then when he gets in to call fire. Well, that ought to work. People always rush to their most valued possessions in case of fire."

She unlatches window. There are three taps on window.

Lena (off stage): "Fire! Fire!"

Mme. rushes in and goes to mantle. She knocks off clock and reveals a slide behind it. Joe emerges from curtains, revolver in hand.

Joe: "Hands up!"

Mme. whirls around.

Joe: "Oh! Slim gave your plan away. I got him drunk. Believe me, there ain't no one smarter 'n me when they get on the warpath. Hand over that paper."

Enter Lena. Paige enters in opposite door back of Joe. Mme. Cordant flashes him a look and he leaps on Joe from behind. The gun is thrown near Lena. She grabs it.

Lena: "Hands up!"

Paige and Joe disentangle themselves and stand up.

Joe (admiringly): "You've saved the day."

Lena: "Yes, for Col. Williams. He had an idea the countess did not mean to give him the king's letter. Hand it over, Joe."

Joe hands it over and Lena backs out quickly. As she disappears Joe drops into a chair and exclaims, "Double-crossed!"

(Curtain)

—Muriel Agg.

HONORABLE MENTION

"FIGHTING BLOOD"

Jack, otherwise John Raymond, was unusually silent and serious during the awarding of the basketball letters to the men of the successful team of Lincoln High. He felt small and cheap and was filled with a great desire to do something big. He had had something of the same feeling when letters were awarded to the football players in the late fall, but now it overwhelmed him and bore down upon him until it was only by a mighty effort that he turned his mind to the words of the coach so that he might be able to tell his mother about it in his next letter. Poor dear, frail little mother out in California! He surely had missed her those last three years, and yet sometimes he couldn't understand or dig up a reason for her seemingly unreasonable command and his promise not to take any part in athletics.

Yet he should not think about that or much less drop a hint of it in his let-

ters, for his mother must not be worried by his trivial disappointments. Still, it loomed large in his sky, and the brightness of many of his days was dulled by something that the rest of the school and his particular friends could not understand. Only too well did he know that some of the fellows thought him yellow. There had been many times when their taunting words had tempted him to blurt out everything in his own self-defense, but the thought of what it would mean to his mother brought him back and he turned aside their questions and taunts all in the same way.

Since Jack did not have activities outside of his school work, he spent much time on his studies. He read a great deal, and always wrote cheery, interesting letters to his mother twice a week.

Jack's father had died when Jack was but five years old and he and his frail little mother had come to live with "Grandma" in the Iowa town, Lincoln. The winters were too severe for Mrs. Raymond, and so up until the time Jack had entered High School they had gone to California together for the winter. After that it was agreed to be better for Jack and his school work not to move so much, and so for three years Jack had seen his mother off for warmer lands in November and welcomed her back in April. The first year she had gone away she had asked Jack never to take part in the High School athletics. Knowing how she feared for his safety and how she would worry if he were to take part in any sport in which an accident might occur, he promised her that he would do as she asked.

Yes, it had been hard, and that night, after the awarding of the letters, as Jack wrote to his mother, it is not to be wondered that his letter did not carry the usual bubbling, spontaneous gaiety, although he made no mention of his own feelings.

Mrs. Raymond returned in April, and she seemed unusually well. She was able to be out and around as she never had before.

It was one day in May when Jack took his mother to a High School track meet. He told her that they seldom killed any of the boys and that if anyone were hurt they had an ambulance handy. Reassured in this manner, she went as an interested spectator of one of the sports she had always deemed so perilous.

The yelling, the crowds with pennants, banners, and blue and gold everywhere; the very atmosphere of the races seemed to hold her interested eyes on the contestants.

Lincoln won, though the score was close and every contest hard fought. The triumphant cheers rose and fell on the pleasant May afternoon and the crowd dispersed happily.

Happy! There was one boy whose joy knew no bounds. Jack was free to do his big thing. When the contest was hottest and the last race so nearly finished and yet so uncertain, Mrs. Raymond had spoken to Jack: "Boy, boy, and I kept you out of it, the glorious fight of it! It's not too late, is it? You can try next year, can't you?" Jack had smiled, his eyes intent on the flying blue figure in a blue jersey that had crossed the line, as winner; in the cheering that followed he had grasped his mother's hand for a second and she knew that his resolve to do his big thing would bring him out victorious. She squared her shoulders and thought proudly, "The blood, fighting blood, runs in this family."

—Frances Jones.

"HOW CAN IT WAS"

As the "Paramount Orchestra" struck up the strains of an old familiar march, Mr. and Mrs. Wygant led the Ames High students in the Grand March around the beautifully decorated gymnasium. The color scheme was carried out in orange and black silk draperies at the windows. A large crystal ball hung from the center of the ceiling. One end of the gym was fixed up with large comfortable chairs and divans, for the weary. At the other end of the hall, dainty little Freshman girls served light wines and cakes to the dancers.

When the strains of "Running Wild" were heard, Roland Coe and his demure little partner, Edith Petty, gave an imitation of Rudolph Valentino and his wife. During the third dance, Mr. Bodwell, Mr. Meeker and Mrs. Miller, the judges, chose "Lolly" Reis and Josephine Wright as the best dancers; they received a sand-paper loving cup as a prize. However, the popular choice was Cleo Lockwood and John Larson. (Rumored it's quite serious.)

The booby prize, a complete suit of light-housekeeping equipment, was awarded to Herman Cole and "Kate" Judge, for so gracefully falling all over themselves.

Miss McCorkindale was roused from her hardly pleasant trance while dancing with the dashing Mr. Minnich, when she daintily tripped over his loosened "spat" and thrust her foot thru the drum. The dance was resumed when the damages were repaired.

The ninth dance was a circle two-step. "Swing your Partners to the Left," cried Mr. Shaw as he whirled Miss Miller off her feet.

Just before "Home, Sweet Home," Red Miller requested the orchestra to play "Missouri Waltz," that he might have one more moonlight waltz with his wife.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY (1922)

Last year the Senior class decided upon the play, "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" as the one best fitted to display their abilities. After several weeks of rehearsal the play was presented to a very large audience. The cast did very well and proved to the satisfaction of everyone that there was real talent in the class of '22.

"HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!"

Jack Crandall, Cowboy Author.....	Ralph Dove
Mr. Hooker, Business Man.....	Chester Hathaway
Stephen Hooker, College Freshman.....	Maurice Smith
Ted Stone, Football Hero.....	Burton Olson
Alosius Bartholomew, College Professor.....	Irwin Douglas
Floy Hooker	Cleve Welch
Letitia Brown, Languishing Dilettante.....	Faye Caul
Mrs. Hooker, Modern Mother.....	Alice Wilcox
Rita, Pert Housemaid.....	Doris Gray

Director—Marjorie E. Lynch

Business Manager—James Bissel

Stage Manager—Theron Barger

Act 1—Living room of the Hooker mansion in a big American city. Present time—late afternoon, a few days before Christmas.

Act II—Same as Act 1. Evening.

Act III—Same as Act II. Just before midnight.

CARNIVAL

Last year it was thought that the Carnival was an unusual success, when approximately \$480 was cleared. However, we passed that mark this year when the proceeds amounted to \$720.94 and we had a net profit of \$495.

The three main attractions of the evening were the "Vaudeville, All Star Stunt, and the Circus." The vaudeville put on by the Seniors consisted of dances by a group of girls, then by couples and some clever tricks. They were really quite like the "Follies." The All Star Stunt given by the Juniors was clever because of its originality and pep. Not only according to the Sophomores, but many other people as well, the circus under the direction of the Sophs was the best ever.

But the auditorium and gymnasium weren't the only interesting places. The Freshmen, in the typewriting room, which was prettily decorated as a Japanese tea room, served hot eats. The "Hi-Y" and Girl Reserves, from their stands on the first and second floors, sold their wares.

We had active policemen, and as a result many heretofore law-abiding citizens were brought to "court." The bowling alley, shooting gallery, fortune-telling booth, fishing pond and the House of Mirth all did a rushing business.

One of the main features of this years Carnival was the parade given at noon. It was the biggest and best organized parade ever given by the High School.

Next year—a still bigger and better Carnival.

TO AMES HIGH

There's a place in our lives
Which we ne'er shall forget;
There are years spent in Ames High
Which we ne'er shall regret;
There's a spot in our memories
That Ames High does fill.
No Senior can doubt it;
No one ever will.

Every sorrow or dream
In the four years gone by,
Was made easier or happier
By dear old Ames High.
The companions we've made,
The teachers so kind,
Makes it harder for Seniors
To leave you behind.

—Velma Allen.

OUR ACTIVITIES





STAFF

Top—Morrissey, Assistant Advertising Manager; Holloway, Assistant Literary; Long, Organization; Reis, Advertising Manager; Hawley, Assistant Business Manager; Howell, Business Manager.
 Second—Perkins, Society; Prall, Contest; Smith, News; Fish, Literary; Powell, Stenographer.
 Bottom—Loughran, Art; Acheson, Assistant Editor; Dragoun, Exchange; Graves, Editor; Macy, Athletics; McElyea, Assistant Business Manager.

HISTORY OF "THE SPIRIT"

In the fall of 1911, several members of the Senior Class, who professed to be mediums, entered a trance. After the smoke had cleared away the report of the committee was that "The Spirit" had been brought to life on this earth. There were many cries of "Impossible—" "We won't accept it"—"Never," and more of like nature from the unbelievers who were mostly members of the faculty. But the students won out and "The Spirit" became a reality.

After many weeks of hard labor the staff, which consisted of Paul Storm, editor-in-chief; Ada Cameron, literary editor; Leonard Wallis, art editor; Clair Taylor, business manager; Glen Muir, assistant manager, and other brilliant students, produced the first "Spirit." Before the year was up there appeared three Literary issues and the Annual.

The year of 1913 nearly ended the career of "The Spirit" on this earth, but the Class of 1914 were firm believers in "Spirit"ualism, and gave it a new lease on life. We owe them a great deal for putting this publication on a firm foundation.

For lack of space will just mention here that all the years intervening, though presenting many obstacles, have been successful. "The Spirit" has been growing in quality and quantity and we feel confident that the Class of '23 will hold it up to par and that it will always continue on the upgrade.

The Class of '23 had a difficult task in securing permission to publish an Annual and it is due only to the undying efforts of a few members of the staff, their parents and faculty that it is possible to publish this book, which we hope is worthy of their efforts.

—Marian Smith.



DEBATE

Affirmative Team
William Morgan
Margery Long
Vivian Griffith
Coach
Mr. Mast

Negative Team
Donald Acheson
Beulah Powell
Leslie Nordholm
Alternate
Leora Starky

Debating this year started in November when a call was given for those interested in Debate to meet so that work could be started. And when it was learned that Ames was to participate in a triangular debate this year with Boone and Waterloo much interest was evidenced.

At the try-out held on December 19th eight students were chosen to represent A. H. S., three on each regular team and two alternates. Then, on January 22, another try-out was held among these students to determine who should be on the Negative and Affirmative teams.

The question for debate this year was: "Resolved, That all American cities with a population of 5,000 or more should adopt the City-Manager Plan of Government." The debate was held April 20th with our negative team meeting Waterloo here and our affirmative team meeting Boone at Boone. Waterloo was first with a total of four points, Boone second with three points and Ames third with two points.

This was the first year of debating for every member on both teams, but prospects for next year are pretty good, as two "returns," Donald Acheson and Margery Long, both Juniors, will in all probability try out for debate next year.

Our debaters spent much time and hard work in preparation, but later on in the year were presented with jeweled "A's" as a reward for their work. However, all of them feel that more interest should be given to this valuable school activity.

Much credit is due Mr. Mast, who coached the debaters, for his untiring efforts on behalf of the team.



DRAMATIC CLUB

Top Row—F. Barr, Persons, McDowell, Judge, Allen, Kuehl.
Second—Michaels, Lawler, Agg, Hagen, Griffith, Powell, Hoffman.
Third—Davis, Edwards, Baker, Cagwin, Miller, Gernes.
Bottom—Cleghorn, Little, Allen, Lynch, M. Barr, Connor, Mudd.

In previous years Ames High School has had both a Forensic and Dramatic Club. This year the clubs were combined and continued under the name of the Dramatic Club.

The 1922-23 organization consisted of twenty-six active members (all girls), with Miss Lynch as Adviser; Kathryn Judge, President; Jeanette Kuehl, Vice-President; Vivian Griffith, Secretary, and Ruth Miller as Treasurer. It was decided at our first regular meeting that the positions of Program Chairman and Critic would only be temporary in order to give each member a chance for the experience.

The work of the Club throughout the year was very interesting. Reports were given on modern authors, poets, inventions and up-to-date topics. Several meetings were given over to reports on stage-acting, various kinds of make-up, selecting good plays, characters, etc. Readings and original stunts were given by various members and each member participated in the program several times during the year.

The play "Patsy" was given by the Dramatic Club in Assembly, February 28, and every student will say that it was very good.

HL-Y



Top Row—Dale, Speers, Porter, Shaw, Ellis, Halbasch, Fuller, Knapp, G. Severson.
 Second—Holloway, Hawley, Adams, Graves, Steele, Williams, Thurber, Jensen, Burnette.
 Third—Allen, McFarlen, Clark, Seymour, Innes, Harter, Groth, Bower, Nordhom.
 Bottom—Acheson, C. Severson, Flickinger, Queal, Thurber, Aplin, Ide, Wherry, Larson.

HI-Y

The Hi-Y of Ames High School has made rapid and substantial progress during 1922-23. The cabinet, in cooperation with Mr. J. M. Shaw have developed it until the boys of the school are demanding this organization to complete their school life and activities. The organization tries always to keep before it its double-three fold motto "Create, maintain and extend high standards of Christian character throughout the community" and "Spirit, Mind and Body." Hi-Y for 1923-24 gives promise of great things for the honor of A. H. S.

TYPE OF MEETINGS

The Hi-Y meetings are entirely in the hands of the club and are in charge of the President and his group of workers in the cabinet. A. H. S. is very fortunate in having a large group of capable men from the college and community who often address the organization on various phases of life work. An occasional social event adds interest and enthusiasm to the work. The outstanding social feature was the Hi-Y Banquet April 13th. A number of guests attended and gave excellent addresses to the fellows.

CONFERENCES

Camp Foster is the State Hi-Y camp located on East Lake Okoboji. It is noted for developing strong Christian young men. Loran Bower, president in 1922-23 and R. H. Halbasch, president for 1923-24, represented Ames High last summer. This summer we expect to have a larger representation at this training camp.

The Older Boys Conference was held in Mason City during the fall and Ames High was represented by Paul Halloway, Floyd Williams, Lyman Eells, Chester Ide and Rolland Halbasch. The "Rotary Club" of our city, made it possible for so large a delegation attending this conference, such support from these good friends is greatly appreciated.

The Tri-County Older Boys' Conference, held at Boone during November, was attended by thirteen of the Hi Y boys, Mr. Larson and Mr. Shaw. Boone entertained the boys royally and the conference was rich in addresses by men who knew boys and boys' problems. Many friendships were formed which enable the Ames boys to know other clubs' problems and to cooperate with them in seeking solutions. At the conference Ames men were chosen for two important officers, Chester Severson being chosen president and Loran Bower secretary.

SPRINGTIME

When wee things start a creepin'
And the days are getting' hot,
And green things are all a-peepin'
And you work your garden plot;

When the robins start a singin'
And the flowers begin to bloom
And fairy forms go wingin'
And drive away the gloom;

When you feel your blood start movin'
And a weight falls off your chest,
And you start again to livin'
And you love to laugh and jest;

When your heart tells you it's lovetime
And everyone seems dear,
Oh, then you know its springtime,
The best time of the year.

—Winifred Connor.



GIRL RESERVE CABINET

Top Row—Davidson, Carter, Acheson, Smith, Jones.
Bottom—Long, Griffith, Braginton, Belknap.

GIRL RESERVES

The organization formerly known as the Y. W. was reorganized this year and is now known as the Girl Reserves.

This year's work was started off enthusiastically by the five girls who attended the summer conference at Lake Okoboji.

With the "Hi-Y" co-operating, the Girl Reserves successfully gave the "All High Mixer" last fall.

At Christmas time a party was given for about forty little children. And a "Valentine Tea" was given on February 14th for our mothers.

On March 16th and 17th we held our Second Annual Vocational Conference. This conference was not for Ames girls alone, as we had as our guests girls from the various schools in Story county.

Our club was the recipient of a fifty dollar gift from the Ames Woman's Club, which will be used to send delegates to the summer conference. We have again helped to support a "Y" secretary in China this year.

The Girl Reserves have promoted girls athletics by awarding monograms to girls who earn them by hiking, basketball or tennis.

Officers

Chairmen of Committees

Vivian Griffith, President	Margaret Davidson, Bible Study
Faye Carter, Vice President	Alice Belknap, Social Service
Rachael Van Nice, Secretary	Margaret Proctor, Athletic
Marjorie Acheson, Corresponding Sec'y	Marian Smith, Social
Margery Long, Treasurer	Frances Jones, Program

Advisers

Miss Braginton

Miss St. Clair

Mrs. Anderson



DECLAMATORY TEAM

Carter, Dramatic; Lynch, Coach; Severson, Oratorical;
Spinney, Humor.

Last year about thirty students were enrolled for Declamatory work under the direction of Miss Marjorie Lynch.

Two preliminary home contests were held previous to the final contest.

Faye Caul was given first place over all in the final home contest, Doris Gray receiving second place over all. Ruth Baker gained first place in the Humorous division. Irwin Douglas won first place in the Oratorical section.

The subdistrict contest for 1922 was held at Jefferson, Iowa. Faye Caul won first place in the Dramatic Class, this honor permitting her to enter the predistrict contest which was held at Lake City, where she was given second place.

Doris Gray also received honors at the County Contest held at Nevada, where she won first place in the Dramatic Class.

The triangular contest with Boone and Newton was held at Boone. Irwin Douglas, Faye Caul and Ruth Baker represented Ames High. This resulted in a victory for us.

This year about twenty-five students took part in the preliminaries.

Honors were given to Beryl Spinney, who won first place over all at the home contest and also first place in the humorous section at the triangular contest with Boone and Newton, which was held at Newton, Iowa.

Faye Carter won first place in the Dramatic Class in the final home contest and also placed second over all.

Chester Severson gained first place in the Oratorical Class in the final contest, and also in the district contest at Jordan.

Due to the kindness of the Union National Bank jeweled pins were awarded to the winners.



JUDGING TEAM

Jensen, C. Severson, Coach Shaw, Porter, G. Severson.

For the first time in her history Ames High has been represented in the various judging contests in Story county and at Iowa State college.

In the early fall a preliminary contest was held at which time the team was selected to represent Ames High during the 1922-23 season.

Competition in this tryout was keen, with Porter, Jensen and the Severson brothers winning the honors. In the fall contest, in Story County, held at Colo, Ames won first honors in animal husbandry, and with it possession of the cup till the spring contest.

In March, this team again represented Ames High School at Collins and again won first place in Animal Husbandry.

On March 22-23, this team was pitted against the best stock judges of the high schools of Iowa and this time she places first in a field of 32 teams. This gives Ames High proud possession of the State Stock Judging Cup for a year, though falling to sixteenth place in grain in the state contest. Nevertheless, her total score placed her second in both branches, Orange Township teams being the only ones to outstrip Ames. It is worthy of mention that Ames was the highest scoring school which was represented by the same team in both contests, Orange Township having a different team for live stock and grain.

Jensen was high individual of the State in the two contests, with others placing near him.

Gold awards will be given the men who so successfully defended the honor of Ames High in this new branch of activities.

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail;
"Well, I never!" was his comment,
"There's a mule that's been in
jail."

MUSIC.



ORCHESTRA

Top Row—Greene, Carey, Moore, Paulson, Haug, Manfield.
Second Row—Adams, Goodwin, Barr, D. Allen, S. Allen, Nelson.
Third Row—Stoddard, Miller, Knight, Persons, Prall.
Bottom—Thurber, Smith McCarthy, Stoddard, Erickson, Raybuck.

Nine rahs for our orchestra and make it strong!

The H. S. Orchestra this year has been an important factor in school activities. They have given concerts at each of the public grade schools as well as playing several times for High School Assembly, Junior and Senior class plays, debate and commencement. Isn't that something to be proud of?

There are twenty-four members, eight of whom are Seniors. All the first violins are played by members of the graduating class. This will leave quite a hole in next year's orchestra, but there is no reason why these gaps should not readily be filled.



THE BAND

Top Row—Harter, G. Thurber, Erickson, Long.
 Second Row—Haug, Brownfield, Raybuck, Carey.
 Third Row—Knight, Williams, Smith, Moore.
 Bottom Row—E. Smith, McCarthy, Jameson, Stoddard, Allen.

One day about two weeks after school started last fall as everyone was settling down to a peaceful third period, there came to our ears the most heart-rending, terrifying noises ever heard in Ames High School. It sounded as though some giant had been fatally wounded and was groaning in his death agonies. Everyone looked around with a blank stare and started (dis)cussing this awful sound. The noises continued unexplained until Mr. Wygant appeared and told us not to get frightened as it was only the band practicing.

We patiently endured these periods of agony once a week for several weeks until they got so they could all play the same piece at the same time. After this there was a great improvement and now we have the best band in the—High School. Only last week Mr. Stoddard received an invitation for them to play at the School for the Deaf and Dumb annual dance. He had to turn down the offer, however, as the band is now exclusive artist for "Little Wonder" records.

Now, to give you the facts, the band, though handicapped every year through the loss of Seniors, has always come up 'blowing.' This year practically all the members were inexperienced, but under the able leadership of Mr. Stoddard, they have made a creditable showing and have furnished entertainment at various school functions.

As there are only three Seniors in the band this year, this organization ought to rank with the best High School bands in the state next year.

ATHLETICS

PIGSKIN REVIEW

This year Ames did not make a world-beating record; it did not chalk up more points in the winning column than in the losing column, and it did not beat all the old rivals. But these are not the determining factors in judging the final success of a football team. What really counts in the end is clean playing, good sportsmanship and the ability to stick to it and keep fighting even while losing. Ames did all of these, and although they were being beaten, did not resort to dirty playing. They thus proved themselves to be good losers.

Another thing that must not be overlooked is the part that Ames played against some of the strongest teams in the state and that none of those teams were able to run up a very large score against the "Little Cyclones." The figures showing that with eight games played the opponents scored only 69 points to our 15, is not bad when we consider the strength of the opposing teams.

Ames not only had to play against strong teams, but in many games had to fight against luck. But we are not complaining, because every school has to have an "off year" once in a while.

Looking at the past football season from this angle, we can say—it's not as bad as it might have been.

SHORT SUMMARY

Ames, 0—Story City, 13.

In the first game of the season, Ames met unexpected defeat at the hands of Story City. Story City was not thought to have much, but they turned out to be otherwise, and defeated the "Little Cyclones" from the start.

Ames, 0—West Hi, 7.

The next Saturday West Hi came to Ames confident of a walkaway, but only managed to gain a victory in the last five minutes of play. During the first three quarters Coach Larson's prodigies outplayed and outfought the West Hi team, but, weakening in the last period, lost the game. E. Carberry, playing his first game in the back field, starred for Ames.

Ames, 0—Nevada 7.

Ames lost its third game to their old rivals at Nevada after an unexciting game. The teams sawed back and forth across the field with neither one doing much until Nevada pulled off a pass in last three minutes of play and scored a touchdown, thus avoiding a tie game.

Ames, 13—Iowa Falls, 8.

Through hard playing and a better knowledge of football, Ames Hi defeated Polly Wallace's proteges. Ames scored in the first minute of play when Capt. Howell went down on the kick-off and fell on the ball back of the goal line. Ames scored again a few minutes later after E. Carberry had carried the ball to within a few yards of the line.



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Top—Morris, Carberry, Graves, Coach Larson, Ritchey, Holsinger, Flickinger, Frasche.
 Second—Roe, Allen, Coe Capt. Howell, Copeland, Iden, Corey.
 Bottom—Textrum, Martin, Jameson, Rew.

Ames, 0—Boone, 9.

After a hard fight, Ames lost to their traditional rivals, Boone. During the first half Ames was the aggressor, but were unsuccessful in three attempted field goals. Boone came back strong in the last half and avenged their last year's defeat.

Ames, 0—Fort Dodge, 0.

This was a slow game, with neither team showing much on the offense. The playing was in the center of the field most of the time, so neither team had time to score. Morris featured when he returned a punt for fifty-five yards. Howell seemed to be in every play.

Ames, 0—Marshalltown, 19.

Marshalltown, one of the strongest teams in the state, was held to 19 points. At the end of the first quarter it was a nothing-to-nothing tie, but as in most of the games, Ames weakened in the end. For Ames, Howell and Rew starred in the line, and E. Carberry worked well in the back field.

Ames, 2—Grinnell, 6.

In this game several first string men were ineligible, but their places were ably filled, and Ames should have won the game. The first quarter was Grinnell's, but the rest were clearly Ames'. The Little Cyclones completed passes for 137 yards and threatened Grinnell's goals several times, but seemed unable to put it over. At one time Ames had the ball on Grinnell's one-yard line and four downs to make it, but a fumble lost that chance.

THE 1922 FOOTBALL DOPE.

(Each man, his position and how he filled it.)

EBEN HOWELL ("Eb")

Center, Captain

Eb was a captain to be proud of and won the respect and admiration of everyone. He was the mainstay of the team this year. On the offense he was consistent in his passing and on the defense he was in every play.

JOHN CARBERRY ("Deacon")

End

John played hard and no one could get around his end if he could help it. He played his best in the Nevada game. Deacon is one that will give strong support to the team next year.

RALPH MORRIS ("Mike")

Quarterback

This year Mike proved he could play football as well as basketball. By his good generalship he showed his ability to hold down the quarterback position. We are sorry he won't be back next year.

ORRIE ROE

Tackle

This is Orrie's second year in Ames football and he has one more to give. He had the fight and endurance that was hard on the opponents and that makes him a real tackle.

ROLAND COE ("Bud")

Fullback

Bud started the season at end, but his size and punch proved to fit better in the backfield. He is a reliable punter and is good at both the sending and receiving end of a pass. He will be greatly missed next year.

MYRON REW ("Barney")

Tackle

Barney was after a place on the team with a punch that could not be denied. He broke through the line and stopped many plays that would otherwise have meant gains for the opponents.

LYLE ALLEN ("Bert")

Guard

Bert as a guard is hard to beat. He gave his all to every game and those he tackled are to be pitied. For the opposing side he was always in the wrong place at the right time. He will form part of the nucleus for next year's team.

EARL CARBERRY ("Earl")

Halfback

Earl was the fastest man on the team, which is saying a lot. His ability to get through a hole quickly was usually to be relied upon for a gain. He showed up good in the West Hi game. During the first games he played at end.

NORMAN GRAVES ("Grubby")

Guard

Grubby was a general utility man, being able to play any position on the line. He was not a grandstand player, but his teammates certainly knew he was there. A man who was hard to get through and one who had the ability to open holes.

LOREN TEXTRUM ("Tex")

Halfback

Tex filled "Al's" place well and in the Grinnell game made good gains. He was a fast man, a game player and was lacking only in experience.

CLARENCE IDEN ("Iden")

End

This is Iden's first year in football and we'll say he did wonderfully well for a beginner. He made a habit of turning end runs into center and of pulling down long-passes.

JAMES HOLSINGER ("Jimmy")

Guard

Jimmy was a sure, steady player that could be depended upon at all times. He might be called unbreakable, for he received no injuries during the entire season. He starred in the Fort Dodge game.

CHARLES RICHEY ("Chas")

Guard

Richey was a dependable player and was right there whenever needed. He made a good showing for himself even while being hindered by injuries.

BYRON COREY ("Corey")

Tackle

Corey gave Barney and Orrie a stiff fight for their places, as he had both weight and speed. We are sure to hear from him next year.

VICTOR FLICKINGER ("Vic")

End

Vic's got the size and the fight that makes a football player. When he got his chance to play he looked good. He will make a name for himself next year

GORDON COPELAND ("Gordie")

Fullback

Gordie is another man who worked faithfully and the others had to step lively to hold their places. He played in the Story City game.

DEAN FRASCHE ("Dean")

Quarterback

Dean was a new man, coming from Wisconsin. When he got his chance he ably filled Morris' place. He was a fast, hard-smashing quarterback.

ALPHONSO MARTIN ("Al")

Halfback

Al did not play the game he did last year, but he played good at that. He is a hard, fast player and one whose passing was responsible for many gains. Next year he will be playing his fourth year for Ames.

FOOTBALL BANQUET (1922)

In keeping with the custom of giving a banquet to the boys who stay out the entire football season, the faculty of the High School entertained the boys and their parents at a banquet held in the basement of the Methodist church.

The food was prepared and served by the Methodist Ladies' Aid, and everyone agreed that it was some swell affair. After the eats, Mr. Bodwell acted as toastmaster, and the following program was enjoyed by everyone:

Mr. Holsinger.....	Before the Storm
Mrs. Thurber	Clouds
Eben Howell	The Cyclone
Mr. Larson.....	The Aftermath



BASKETBALL SQUAD

Top—Jameson, Roe, Coach Larson, Rew, Martin.
Bottom—Allen, Holsinger, Morris, Copeland, Iden.

BASKETBALL SUMMARY

At the start of the basketball season so much enthusiasm was shown and so many reported for practice that the squad had to be divided. The first team, composed of the twelve best men, practiced nights, while the rest put in time during the afternoon. The abundance of material is sure to turn out a strong team next year.

From this material Coach Larson built up a strong team, playing a fine game of the short pass and pivot style. This team played a fast game that always puzzled the opponents, and with a little more accuracy in basket shooting it would have been a championship team. As it was, they turned in the score book showing five games won out of eleven in the regular schedule and one game won out of three during the tournaments. All in all, Ames scored 260 points to the opponents 262.

This year the team was well balanced in the scoring line, for Martin, Morris and Iden are about equal in the number of points scored by each. Martin was high point man of the season with sixty points, but he was pushed hard by Morris, with fifty-eight and Iden with fifty-six.

The student body owes Coach Larson and the basketball squad many thanks for the time and hard work they put in in upholding the name of Ames High School.

Ames, 24—Jefferson, 13

In this, the opening game of the season, Ames presented a brilliant offense that could not be held down. The Little Cyclones started scoring first and led during the entire game. No individual could be picked as a star, as the whole team starred.

Ames, 28—Gilbert 14

After being held during the first half to a 9-9 tie, the Ames basketeers came back strong and handed Gilbert a 28-14 defeat. As soon as Ames hit their stride they had little trouble.

Ames, 6—Boone, 20

During the first half Ames showed an air-tight defense that Boone could not penetrate. Although trailing 7-3 at half time, Ames clearly excelled in floor work and had many more shots at the basket. Martin starred with his dribbling.

Ames, 14—Nevada, 17

This was one of the hardest fought games of the season. Nevada led during the first half, but in the last half Ames pepped up and it was nip and tuck from then on. Both teams were supported by a large crowd.

Ames, 25—Webster City, 15

Ames continued the alternate win-lose plan by trouncing the Webster City quintet. Ames had little trouble breaking through for short shots, but Webster City could not penetrate Ames' five-man defense, so the natural consequences followed.

Ames, 20—Gilbert, 11

For the second time Ames defeated Gilbert after being held to a tie during the first half. Practically all of Gilbert's points were made by long shots and fouls. Coe led the scoring with five field goals.

Ames, 16—Marshalltown, 26

Marshalltown defeated Ames through their ability to cage long shots because they had no chance at baskets from close range. Ames had many chances for short shots, but were unable to slip the ball through.

Ames, 6—Boone, 32

When Ames played their second game with Boone they were just swamped. Playing on the large college floor for the first time this year, the Little Cyclones were completely lost. Ames could not work the ball down the floor, so resorted to long shots, but were unsuccessful in those.

Ames, 14—Story City, 24

Ames' losing streak continued and they dropped a game to Story City.

Ames, 20—Marshalltown, 30

By hard fighting and an eye for the basket, Coach Larson's proteges held the strong Marshalltown quintet to a 30-20 score. At half time the score was knotted, 16 all. Capt. Morris was high scorer for Ames.

Ames 24—Webster City 5

After losing four games straight the Ames dribblers returned with a zip and made easy work of the last game of the season. Iden loomed up big by caging eight field goals.

Boone Tournament

After beating Gilbert twice in scheduled games, Ames was defeated by them in the Boone Tournament. During the first half the score see-sawed back and forth, but in the last period Gilbert caged many long shots and cinched the game. The final score was 15 to 8.

Huxley Tournament

The first game in the Huxley Tournament was a walkaway from start to finish. Ames had little trouble in scoring, as is indicated by the score of Ames 37—Collins 8

But on the second game Ames did not fare so well and lost to the strong Nevada team by the score of 32 to 12. Ames could not get going and in no time were in the lead.

PERSONNEL OF 1923 BASKETBALL TEAM

RALPH MORRIS

"Mike"

Guard

Mike was captain and proved during the entire season that he was the man for the place. He was a steady, consistent player that could always be relied upon. This is Morris' third and last year and his loss will be greatly felt.

ORRIE ROE

"Duke"

Guard

Orrie had the bulldog tenacity that made him one of the strongest players on the team. He was one to be feared by the opponents. Due to sickness, he was unable to play during the last few games. Roe will be one of the bright lights on next year's team.

JAMES HOLSINGER

"Jimmy"

Guard

Jimmy was not so graceful to look at, but he sure gave a good account of himself. At his position at guard he was unable to make many spectacular plays, but he was usually there at keeping the ball out of the danger zone.

CLARENCE IDEN

"Iden"

Center

Iden was a clean player, so had but few fouls called on him. He is good in teamwork and fairly accurate on long baskets. He starred in the last Webster City game.

ALPHONSO MARTIN

"Al"

Forward

Al, who was a fast dribbler and a shifty player, was responsible for many of our points. He will be back next year and will be sure to strengthen the team.

LYLE ALLEN

"Bert"

Forward

Bert was good from the start, but improved during the season. He was noted for his ability to slip through and shoot short shots. He, too, will be back next year.

Coe, Daubert, Schultz, Rew, Copeland and G. Allen were all real players, and showed up good when they played, but they did not win their letters. Coe, Daubert and Schultz were all ineligible during the latter part of the season. Rew, Coe and Copeland are the only ones to graduate, so a winning team next year is a certainty.

"Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who died maintaining his right of
way.
He was right, dead right, as he sped
along,
And he's just as dead as if he'd been
wrong."

TRACK

In the last two years there has been a decided increase in the interest shown by the student body towards developing a good track team, and it is now coming into its own as a major sport. However, as track is an activity of spring, there will not be much in this book about the 1923 track team. So we will leave it to next year's staff to publish the accounts that we will be unable to secure.

As a nucleus for Coach Larson to build a strong team around there are five letter men back this year. They are: Reis, half-miler; Textum, mile and half-miler; Bonnell, miler; Copeland, hurdler, and E. Carberry, sprinter. Besides these there are Corey and Martin, who gained valuable experience, and should make a good showing this year.

Charles Welch, the most consistent point winner last year, is going to school at Monmouth, Illinois, this year, and his loss will be keenly felt.

So far Ames has participated in the cross-country run at Iowa City, in which Bonnell placed fourth and the Indoor track meet at Iowa City. At the Indoor meet Ames was represented by Bonnell in the mile, Reis in the half-mile, E. Carberry in the dashes, and Corey in the shotput. Bonnell, who got third, was the only Ames man to place.

The two-mile relay team, consisting of Textum (Captain), Bonnell, Reis and Macy, placed first in this event at the Drake Relays. In the quadrangle meet held at Marshalltown, Ames placed third, with 40 points to their credit. Marshalltown was first, with 51½ points, and Boone second, with 42 points. Copeland was high point winner of the meet, with 13 points to his credit, winning first in the high hurdles and high jump, and second in low hurdles.

Ames won fifth place in the Grinnell Invitation Meet by the stellar performance of Bonnell in winning the mile and Copeland in taking second in both hurdles.

In the State Invitation meet at I. S. C., Copeland was the only man to place, taking second in the high hurdles.

The season this far has been quite a success, but the team has been handicapped thru lack of interest. There are only eight men who have reported regularly and this is not enough for all events. These men are Captain Bonnell, Reis, Textum, Macy, Severson, Carberry, Cory, Copeland.

FOOTBALL BANQUET (1921)

On the evening of December 8th, in the basement of the Congregational Church, twenty-eight veterans of the 1921 football squad gathered for a reunion, with their parents, faculty and school board.

At 6:30 everyone sat down to one of the biggest feeds ever prepared for man. As the late Mr. Pepper did the cooking you can imagine about how things tasted and also how quickly they disappeared.

After the remnants of the repast were loathefully removed the evening was turned over to Prof. Meeker, who acted as toastmaster. The program included speeches by Coach Mayser of I. S. C., Rev. Douglass, Miss McLean, Eben Howell and Mr. Emmert.

These were all well received and after a general discussion, the party broke up.

LOOKING OVER OUR 1921-22 RECORDS

FOOTBALL

The football season of 1921 was one of the most successful in the history of the school and ended in a championship for Ames High. Coming back after the unsuccessful season of 1920, the team was rareing to go and make themselves known.

The season started off with a bang, with a 56-7 victory over Nevada, and ended with a string of nine victories and no defeats to our credit. In these nine games were several of the strongest teams in the state.

The second game was with West High and it was in this game that the real strength of the team was shown. The first half ended 6-0 in favor of our opponents, but undaunted the team came back in the second half determined to win. Full of pep and fight, they outplayed their heavier rivals and the game ended 7-6 in favor of Ames. This fighting spirit was characteristic of the team all season.

Mr. Emmert, our coach, is to be congratulated, because it was only through his hard work in training and conditioning the fellows that such a team was possible. He was one to put pep and fighting blood in a team and he thoroughly understood football. Furthermore, the Ames High team had the reputation of being one of the cleanest-playing teams in the State.

SCHEDULE AND RESULTS

Ames	Opponents	
56	Nevada	7
7	West High	6
13	Marshalltown	0
34	Indianola	12
35	Iowa Falls	0
27	Webster City	0
21	Perry	6
7	Newton	0
3	Boone	0
203	Total	31

Lineup—

Ends—Coe, Malcolm and Carberry

Tackles—Roe and Douglas

Guards—Hunter, Dove, Holsinger

Center—Howell (Captain)

Quarterback—Innes and Roupe

Halfbacks—Smart and Martin.

Fullback—Olson and Welch

Smart, Martin, Douglas and Howell made All-State teams.

Roe, Coe, Olson, Malcolm and Dove received honorable mention.

Others who did not win letters, but made a good showing when they did get to play were:

Graves

J. Carberry

Richey

Halbasch

BASKETBALL (1922)

The basketball season of 1922 started off with a rush and the team was working smoothly. However, this lasted only a short time, for several men were disqualified either through ineligibility or for breaking of training rules. After this the team slumped and seemed to be unable to snap out of it.

This was due mainly to two things. The size of the gym has always been a handicap in practice as well as in the games. The boys do not get a chance to show their ability as only a few can practice, and in this way much valuable material remains undeveloped. Second, the spirit of enthusiasm and pep was completely discarded by the student body and what few did attend the games must have just left a funeral.

The schedule this year was one of the stiffest in years and was as follows:

Gilbert (2)	Boone
Missouri Valley	Marshalltown (2)
Jefferson	Perry
Nevada	Story City

Those who won letters were:

Holsinger	Martin
Iden	Morris
Innes	Smart (Captain)

Others who played on the team were:

Coe	Malcolm
Copeland	Oberg

Rew

THE TRACK SEASON OF 1922

Last year Ames High School was represented by one of her strongest teams in track. Charles Welch was the mainstay of the team. He started his season early by being high point man in the state indoor meets at Ames and Iowa City. Douglas took second in the shot at Iowa and third at Ames, while Malcolm took third in the pole vault at both places. The team placed second in both meets.

In the Drake Relays, Ames Hi took second in the two-mile relay. This team was composed of Malcolm, Textrum, Reis and Douglas.

Ames placed second in a triangular meet at Boone with Fort Dodge, Boone and Ames. Welch also made a name for himself in this meet as well as V. Textrum.

Marshalltown took a close dual meet from Ames, but not without giving all they had.

In the Ames Invitation meet, Welch tied for first in the pole vault, took second in the high jump and third in the broad jump with 8 1/3 points, while Bonnell took third in the mile, running a very good race.

In the last meet of the season with Boone, Ames won by winning twelve firsts and the losers winning two firsts. Ames was out for blood in this meet and proved that they could beat Boone in track.

This meet closed a very successful track season for Ames and brought out men who should show ability this year. The fact that V. Textrum, Malcolm and Douglas graduated last spring and Welch did not return will weaken this year's team, but Ames High is capable of developing more men to take their places.

WRESTLING—1921-22

Just following the football season, there was much interest in wrestling, and after much planning, Marvin Sogard, an Alumni of Ames High School, accepted position as coach. He was on the Varsity at I. S. C. and gave his extra time to coaching the wrestling aspirants of the High School.

After several weeks training, a team was chosen to meet the Boone team as a preliminary to the Ames-Boone basketball game. The more experienced Boone team won by six points, the score being 24-18.

The squad next journeyed to Fort Dodge, where Ames had better luck, and defeated them by a score of 30-16. The last meet was held with Marshalltown, and though they went home with the big end of a 21-11 score, they had to work for every point.

As this was Ames High's first year in wrestling, all the men were inexperienced, but made a good showing in all the matches, and we owe them a great deal for the way in which they started off this new sport.

Lineup—

Dove	158 pounds (Captain)
Welch	145 pounds
Douglas	135 pounds
Roupe	125 pounds
Reis	115 pounds
W. Sogard	95 pounds

Elliot was substituted for Roupe in the Marshalltown meet, as Roupe could not make the required weight.

MEMBERS OF THE "A" CLUB

Lyle Allen	Roland Coe
Rollin Bonnell	Gordon Copeland
Earl Carberry	Norman Graves
John Carberry	James Holsinger
Clarence Iden	Laurence Reis
Francis Kingkade	Myron Rew
Al Martin	Orrie Roe (Vice-President)
Ralph Morris	Vincent Roupe
Lorren Textrum (Sec. & Treas)	
Eben Howell (President)	

The slow procession moving o'er the hill
 In solemn silence carried forth the clay
 Of some poor mortal who had bowed his will
 Unto the scepter of Death's mighty sway.
 And as it passed I asked a native near,
 How came that hapless mortal there to die?
 He turned to me and winked away a tear
 Before he deigned to make his clear reply:
 He was a local business man, my friend,
 A squarer dealer never drew a breath,
 But his one weakness brought him to this end:
 He would not advertise and starved to death.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Top—Proctor, Goodwin, Prall, Coach Barnes, Corfe, Grove, Kulow.
Bottom—Largent, Capt. Van Nice, Kirchoff, Fincham.

Miss Grace Barnes, graduate of Iowa State Teachers College, is the girls' Physical Training instructor and Athletic Coach. Although this is Miss Barnes' first year at Ames, she has done a great deal toward promoting girls' athletics. There has been a Class Basketball Tournament this year; baseball practice in gym classes, and for the first time, a girls' Tennis Tournament.

Basketball practice, outside of gym classes, was started in December, in preparation for the Class Tournament, which was held March 1 and 2. Over forty girls came out to practice and Captains of the teams were chosen as follows:

Freshmen—Martha Sloss

Sophomores—Helen Newhard

Juniors—Margery Long

Seniors—Rachael Van Nice

The Captains, with the help of Miss Barnes, picked out their teams.

On March 1 the Juniors played the Freshmen, winning by a score of 29 to 12. The Seniors defeated the Sophomores 22 to 11. On March 2 a consolation game was played between the losers, which the Sophomores won by a score of 16 to 6. The championship game was hotly contested, but the Seniors finally defeated the Juniors 20 to 12.

A shield with the numeral '23 was placed on the athletic blanket and numerals were awarded to the following girls:

Geneva Kulow

Forward

Pearl Largent

Forward

Margaret Proctor

Forward

Rachael Van Nice

Center (Captain)

Margaret Goodwin

Side-Center

Doris Prall

Side-Center

Gertrude Corfe

Guard

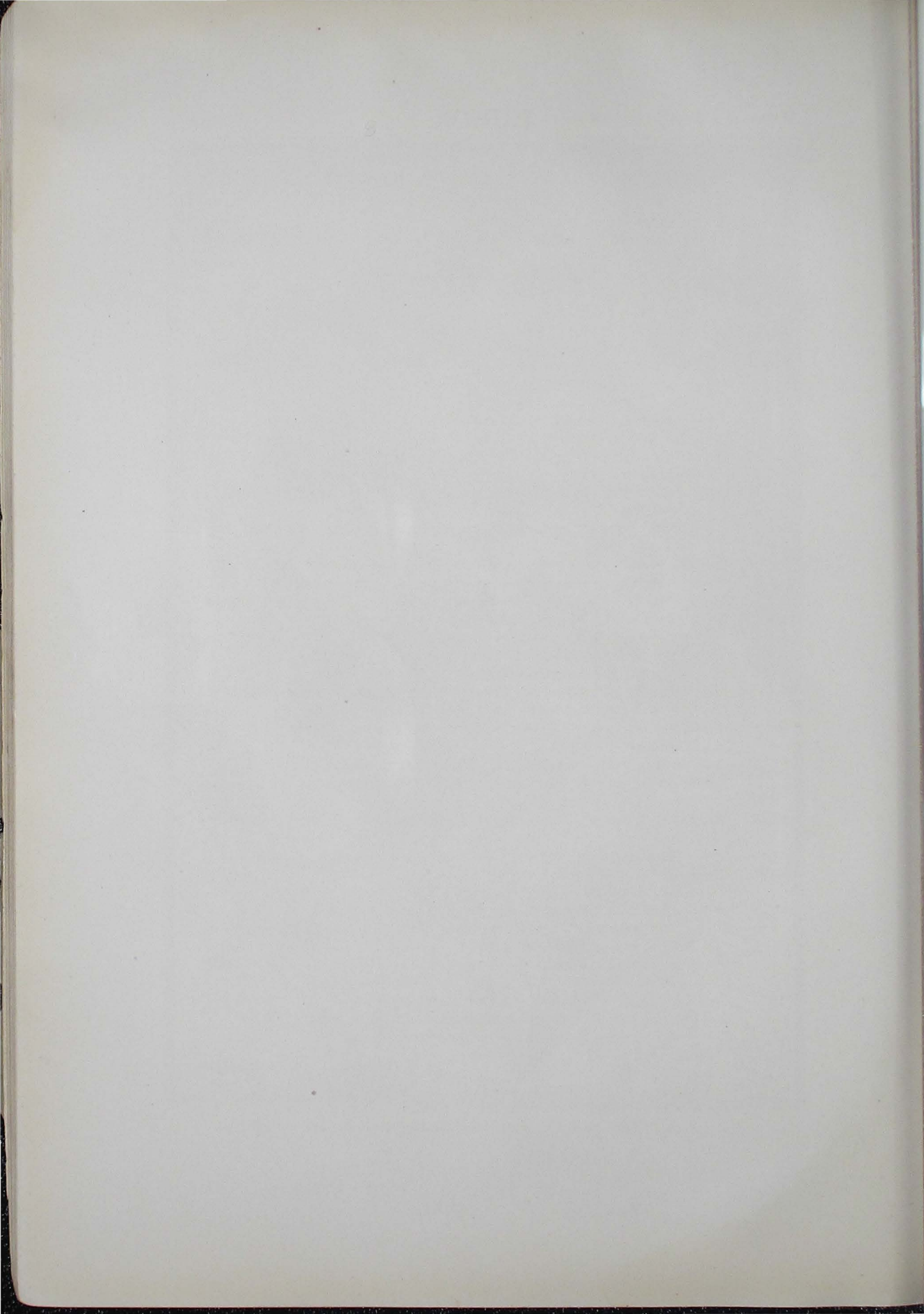
Alice Kirchoff

Guard

Lucille Fincham and Florence Grove were also members of the Senior team, but were unable to play on account of illness. Miss Barnes was the referee for the preliminary games, and Mrs. Wilson for the finals.

HUMOR





EARMARKS OF THE YEAR 1922-23

- Sept. 18—Run us in for our first term.
- Sept. 23—Advertised as a football game with Story City, but it didn't look like one.
- Sept. 26—Juniors get together for reunion.
- Sept. 30—Didn't want to be impolite, so let our guests, West High, have their way.
- Oct. 2—Spirit staff moves into office.
- Oct. 7—We won a football game! Whoopee!
- Oct. 14—Nevada takes our scalp.
- Oct. 21—Boone gets revenge.
- Oct. 28—We defeated Fort Dodge 0-0.
- Nov. 3—Teachers' reunion at Des Moines for two days.
- Nov. 4—Marshalltown plays too rough.
- Nov. 6—Junior Class tries to find some talent.
- Nov. 7—Spirit Staff recuperates from a dinner at Maples.
- Nov. 9—"Imaginary Invalid" presented by Coffey-Miller players. Enormous sum of \$12.00 goes into school treasury.
- Nov. 11—After Grinnell gets through with us we quit football for this year.
- Nov. 18—Mr. Shaw picks out those who are handiest with live stock.
- Nov. 23—Junior boys wallop the rest of 'em in Class Basketball.
- Nov. 24—Football boys break all training rules at their annual banquet.
- Nov. 30—Give Thanks for only one day this year.
- Dec. 15—Juniors present "Fifty Halfty."
- Dec. 19—Mast picks out those with iron jaws for debaters.
- Dec. 22—Basketball team ruins Jefferson.
- Dec. 22—Children dismissed from school for a week to see Santa Claus and to play with their toys.
- Jan. 2—Everyone comes back to tell the teachers what they got for Christmas.
- Jan. 11-12—Declamators make Patrick Henry look sick.
- Jan. 12—Preps celebrate, having gotten half thru the year with no casualties.
- Jan. 12—Boone doesn't like the way we play basketball, so shows us how.
- Jan. 13—Seems to bring results 'cause we beat Gilbert.
- Jan. 19—Didn't do so well—Nevada wins.
- Jan. 26—Team gets sore and beats Webster City.
- Jan. 26—Recuperate from semester exams. (Sure need it.)
- Jan. 27—Again we lick the Swedes from Gilbert.
- Feb. 3—Marshalltown steps on our team.
- Feb. 9—Boone still knows how to play basketball.
- Feb. 16—So does Story City.
- Feb. 17—Mike says, "So does Marshalltown."
- Feb. 22—Our team at State Indoor Track meet got—back.
- Feb. 23—The team forgot and beat Webster City.
- Mar. 1-2—Senior girls clean up the series.
- Mar. 2-3—Ames enters Basketball Tournament at Boone. They also left.
- Mar. 2—Declamatory team at Jordan walk off—the stage.
- Mar. 3—Judging team shows 'em up at Collins.
- Mar. 8—Ames, Newton and Boone declamate against each other.

- Mar. 16-17—Boys seemed very much interested in Girl Reserves' Vocational Conference.
- Mar. 22-23—Judging team wins sweepstakes at State Contest in A. H. Div.
- Mar. 23—Chewing gum, soda water, ice cream, candy, vaudeville, circus invade the H. S.
- Apr. 2-6—Supposed to be Spring vacation, many bob parties were enjoyed.
- Apr. 3—Big Sister Banquet.
- Apr. 13—Hi Y Banquet.
- Apr. 20—Ames-Boone-Waterloo have word-slinging contest.
- Apr. 27-28—Drake Relays.
- Apr. 27—Lavish production by High School Chorus, "In the Garden of the Shah."
- May 5—Quadrangular Track Meet.
- May 12—Dual Track Meet.
- May 19—H. S. Track Meet at I. S. C.
- May 25-26—Senior Class Play, "What Happened to Jones."
- May 26—Another Quadrangular Track Meet.
- May 29-31—Seniors tested for what they don't know.
- June 1—Seniors act natural on Kid Day.
- June 2—Junior-Senior Banquet.
- June 3—Baccalaureate Sermon.
- June 5-6-7—Examinations for underclassmen.
- June 7—Senior Class Day exercises.
- June 8—Sheekskins awarded to lucky ones.

CHEM.

For Chem grades long I sigh'd in vain,
 For Chem grades long I lived in pain,
 For Chem my friends I did disdain,
 But for all of that, no grades did gain.

On Shaw I looked with lovelorn eyes,
 To Shaw I told the choicest lies,
 To Shaw I shrieked heartrending cries,
 But for all of that got stern replies.

In lab's I used my biggest bluff,
 In lab's I did my wrists uncuff,
 In lab's I wrestled with acids and stuff,
 But still for faults was called down rough.

O, then I battled with despair,
 Oh, then my bluffs I did declare,
 Oh, then I started on the square,
 I STUDIED and then did grades compare.

And ever since that fateful day,
 When I relinquished all foul play,
 Whenever a Chem exam comes my way
 I play the game square, for it always pays.
 —Winifred Conner.



Oh! Mah Gash!



Hog File 'im!



Le-be-ki!



Mast + Demon!



Mike!



Sailor Phil



Come! Let's Frolic!



Why Tex



Kid Day: 1922



He loves me -- Not!



The "A" Club and Barney



The Thinker

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

Name	First Impression	Public Opinion	Self-Estimate	Best Friend
1. Marion Smith	Pretty	Fickle	True-hearted	Tex vs. Carberry
2. Beryl Spinney	Striking	Joke-her	Prodigy	"Ernie"
3. Bevier Spinney	Stuck up	Arrow collar man	Hash-slinger	21 kinds
4. Leora Starkey	Studious	Scholar	Debatable	In Des Moines
5. Grayce Stevens	Some chicken	Hasn't scratched yet	Cracking good nut	Her fellows
6. Dale Stoddard	Spiffy	Second Ted Lewis	Jazz hound	"Sax"
7. Loren Textrum	Handsome	I. W. W.—"I won't work"	I. W. W.—Industrial World Worker"	Females
8. Sherwood Stokka	Studious lad	Lacking in stature 'neverything	Hard	Pocket-book
9. Elizabeth Taylor	Beautiful	Her own boss	Worthy of any man	Powder puff
10. Ralph Thomas	Little, but likable	Liked but little	Learned	A logical lady
11. Doris Prall	Vague	Sunkist	Good	"Hall-way"
12. Laurence Reis	Unattractive	Not so bad	An athlete	Mirror
13. Myron Rew	Wide awake	Good sport	Dumb bell	Everybody
1. Josephine Wright	Not exactly handsome	Nice girl	A meek child	Everyone
2. Margaret Adams	Keen	Engaged	Dancer	Jazz hound
3. Velma Allen	Sociable	More sociable	Moderate	Mrs. Maun
4. Margaret Goodwin	Highly refined	Distilled	Sardine's whiskers	"Sills"
5. Martha Groth	Awfully grave	Kind of hilarious?	Child of Happiness	Alice
6. Florence Grove	Pretty lively	Flippy	Dainty maiden	B. B.
7. Violet Hall	Indifferent	Extremely timid (?)	"The cat's "Meow" at dancing	Hardwood floors waxed
8. Harold Haug	Ichabod himself	Prospective politician	A "Kollege Kid"	Men's Shop
9. John Hamilton	Male vamp	Shy	Able thinker	E. A. N.
10. Ray Iler	Darwin's theory personified	An excellent 8th grader	"It will do"	His mouth
11. Ardis Haverly	Amiable	"Seald Sweet"	Dangerous	Marjorie
12. Lyle Haverly	Sweet	Diminished	Weighty	Aristotle
13. Kathryn Judge	Scholarly	"Klassy Maid"	A dramatist	Leah Belle
14. Mildred Barr	Adorable	Not quite	Quite sweet	Minnich
1. Eugene McFarland	Brilliant	Not so dazzling	Everybody's sweet-heart	Mrs. Maun
2. Ruth Miller	A modest maid	So-So	Great stuff	"?"
3. Ralph Morris	Tough	Nice boy	Indispensable	School
4. Eugene Nelson	Smart	Schemer	Walking dictionary	Prayer meeting
5. Leslie Nordholm	Bashful	Good scout	Nothing much	Kitty Freed
6. Herbert Paulson	A blue-eyed Dutcher	Variable	Authority on banking	Fashion catalog
7. Florence Perkins	Very bashful	Slightly changed	Heart smasher	Fifty-seven varieties
8. Mildred Person	Jolly	All right	A genius	Stock judge
9. Beulah Powell	Brainy	Some chicken	Important	Ivan L.
10. Marion Hoke	Happy Baby	Rarely solemn	Look and see	Queen of Sheba
11. Paul Halloway	Foolish	Crazy	Handsome	"Green demon"
12. James Holsinger	Goopy	Babbling	Solemn and sensible	Dictionary
13. Eben Howell	Regular dude	Indescribable	A piece of art	Bill

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

Weak Point	Strong Point	Cause of Death	What St. Peter Will Say
1. "Tex"	"Carberry"	Her decision	It happens in most families
2. Declamation	Gestures	Slips	Tickling the keys doesn't make a good harpist
3. Himself	Typewriter	Nevada bus wreck	Debate not—enter
4. History	Wanting	Circumflex working of spinal column	Thou art no quaker take thy firearms and go down below
5. Vamping the "Dean"	Voice	Lockjaw	Tranquilize yourself; this is a city of peace and quiet
6. A dams(el)	Rivalry	A "Peg" in his heart	You belong where asbestos union suits are worn
7. Whiskers	Boldness	Hollywood	If first you don't succeed, try, try again
8. Training "Henry"	Anxious, hungry look	Electric chair	You know the convict's sentence
9. Looks	Winning Ways	There's a reason	Get thee behind me, Satan
10. Likableness	Lacking	Liquor	Linger longer, likable laddie, Lug along your logical lady and liquor
11. Catching the 8 o'clock	Freckles	Heart failure	All friends of Paul may enter
12. Conversation	Sarcasm	Unknown	Come in, we need you to drive nails
13. Athletics	Dates	Old age	The good die young, depart
1. Winsomeness	Ambition	Leakage of the heart	She's all "Wright"
2. Carrot top	Sophistication	Stopped breathing	Go to * * * thou sluggard. Consider His ways and be wise.
3. Studies	Marengo	Overwork	"Oh Min"
4. Champs Dances	I. S. C.	Too many spirits	Oh, what a price to pay!
5. Man	Getting in with teachers	Bad eggs	Look not so timid
6. Too bright	Smiling	Black eyes	Small as thou art, You shall be looked up to.
7. Keeping still	Not being fussed	Taking advice of beauty hints	Any more in the family like you?
8. Dressing	Being happy	Raising chickens	Blessings on thee, little man.
9. Tires	Noise	Hydrophobia	God's in His heaven, all's well. Come in
10. His laugh	Stale beef	Mental exertion	Satan's in his haven. Go on down
11. Width	Heighth	Dieting	Come gather 'round.
12. Food	Never gets mad	Exercise	Open wide, ye golden gates
13. Bashfulness	Shoulder-shaking	Giggling	You saved the surface, But you didn't save all.
14. Physics	Minnich spats	On high "C's"	Take your hand out of your mouth
1. Radio	Undiscovered	Exposure	Radio Station H. E. L. L. inquiring
2. Piano	Winsomeness	Life's little joke No. 687	Harps aren't as easily played as a piano
3. Too numerous to mention	Kidding	The waves	Take your curling iron down to the fire
4. Face	Nerve	Imagination	Every day in every way
5. Debate	Gift of gab	Lockjaw	You have been roasted enough
6. Grades	Sociability	Writer's cramps	Enter where banks go broke no more
7. Blushes	Innocent expression	Lollypops	Continue to live with the angels
8. Ragtime	"Tomorrow"	Starvation	Get busy with your harp
9. Dancing	A skin you love to touch	Dangerous age	Come all ye faithful
10. Studiousness	Brains	Laziness	Well! Well! my duty's done.
11. I'll bite	Undiscovered	Laughing	"Tweek, Tweek!"
12. Getting fussed	Sheiking	A woman	Why dost thou look so sleepy?
13. Hat size	Fish	High living	This proves Darwin's theory

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

Name	First Impression	Public Opinion	Self-Estimate	Best Friend
14. Inez Hussong	A coquette	Not quite	A siren	Dorothy
1. Florence Barr	"The berries"	Peach	Lemon	"Sun maid"
2. Margaret Batman	Silly	Harmless	Way up high	Steve himself
3. Marjorie Blakey	Pieface	More healthy	Can't be beat	Any male
4. Rollin Bonnell	Handsome	Fast man	A fusser	Nevada
5. Loran Bower	"Sheik"	Bachelor	Song-bird	Brass rail
6. Leah Belle Briley	Small-town vamp	Unchanged	Prima donna	The girls
7. George Brownfield	Bold	Meek	Basketball player	Chickens
8. Earl Carberry	Irish	Lounge lizard	Dancer	"Smiths" for a cold
10. Laura Elliot	Out of place	Very conscientious	A modest maid	Frances
11. Donald Erickson	Demosthenes	Billy Sunday the Second	Harmony hound	Bicycle
12. Lucille Fincham	Demure	O. K.	The Sardine's Shimmy	Undecided
13. Glenn Foster	Fly-weight	Dempsey	An essential citizen	His face
14. Leon Fuller	Bright	Total eclipse	Dim	His girl
1. Clarence Iden	Jayhawk	Torreador	Sweet disposition	Spark plug
2. Alice Kirchoff	Mama's angel child	A regular vampire	Dumb	Martha
3. Jeannette Kuehl	Vamp	Boob	Winsome	Ruth
4. Frances Elliot	Old-fashioned	Flapper	Modern	Laura
5. Margaret Cleghorn	Bold	Backward	Ideal girl	John
6. Roland Coe	Bull Montana	Sardine's whiskers	A he-man	Hardware
7. Herman Cole	Cake eater	Meek	One of the wise men	Fair sex
8. Ralph Connor	Mamma's boy	A grown man	Scholar	Marjorie
9. Gordon Copeland	Peg's boy	Peg's husband	Human fish	A doctor's daughter
10. Gertrude Corfe	Cute	Not so worse	Better	Bill
11. Helen Cupps	Chicken	Good sport	College man's favorite	Her face
12. Arthur Davis	Professor	Dumbell	Messenger boy	Dots and dashes
13. Paul Downey	Worker	Hash-slinger	Good hash-slinger	Cook-book
14. Dorothy Dragoun	Good looking	Monkey	It's never late until it's 2. Then it's too late	"Alibi"
2. Francis May	Goopy	Not so bad	Athlete	D. A. D.
3. Blanche Sills	Chorus girl	A choir leader	Pretty good	Margaret
1. Charles Richey	Dude	Unchanged	Ladies' man	McCord
3. Vincent Roupe	Important	Insignificant	Cobbler	"Lizzie"
4. Clayton Schultz	"Cocky"	Dreamer	Would-be cowboy	Chester
5. Chester Severson	Young Alexander	Soap-box orator	Daniel Webster	Most any "Person"
6. Esther Severson	Quiet	Spunky	Mama's angel child	All outdoors
7. Glen Severson	Goofy	Couldn't be better	Student	Country roads
8. Reuben Sheldahl	Peculiar	Foolish	Imprudent	Charles
9. Calvin Thompson	Farmer	Brilliant future	Mediocre	Me, myself and I
10. Hazel Thoreson	Dumb	Improved	Happy	Books

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

Weak Point	Strong Point	Cause of Death	What St. Peter Will Say
14. Being quaint	Any dumbenny	Want of air	He winks, she passes on.
1. Dates	Sauer-kraut	Ptomaine Poisoning	Prunes already may enter
2. Bughouse fables	Curly locks	Silliness	Ain't nature grand
3. Complexion	Keen dates	Heartburn	Where are you going, my pretty maid?
4. Fussing	Skating rink	Grief	Where is your straw hat?
5. Vaseline	Deep water	The old brown jug	Be it ever so homely, There's no face like your own.
6. Breaking dates	Lash-brown	Non-germicide lip stick	Every day in every way, They're growing snobbier and snobbier.
7. Oratory	Orange and black sweater	Fear	Here's an egg for frying.
8. Notre Dame	Marryin'	Jealousy	God loves those who love themselves
10. History	Length	Hydrophobia	Scat, you Shepard
11. Harmony	Lungs	T. B.	Come in, Gabriel needs relief.
12. Boldness	Perseverance	Watchful waiting	You may find him here, enter
13. Cranium	Feet	Over-exertion	Quoth the raven, Nevermore
14. Boone	Gossip	Knowledge	Join the Boone Crowd below
1. Most any study	Has none	Blanket party	Oh, there you are
2. Getting fresh	Man	Below 90 per cent	There'll be a hot time in the old town tonite
3. Ballroom dancing	Form	Too many suitors	You belong in the land where golashes are not necessary
4. Awkward	Graceful	Too much gum	Too many of your kind here now. Depart.
5. Dodge Sedans	Coiffure	Too low grades	No friends of John allowed up here
6. His laugh	Fussing	Bullock	You require a warmer climate.
7. Nerves	Red hair	Hair Groom	No 'Cole' wanted up here.
8. Girls	Movies	A "date"	Where do they all come from?
9. Okoboji	Dancing	Married life	Your right rib is down below
10. Basketball	Bobbed hair	Marjorie Long	No cracked wits here
11. Tex.	Laziness	Making breaks	You worked for Hel-en, so go there
12. Kidding the teachers	His loudness	Overeating	Does your mother know where you are
13. Grades	Garlic	Too much garlic	No strength needed up here
14. Long skirts	May	Disappointment	It May be so, but I won't know
2. Basketball	None	Only once a week	This is free. Where's your girl?
3. Dancing	School	Too much school	Enter all you would-be flappers
1. Nevada	"Stay-comb"	Infantile Paralysis	You'll be hot stuff when you get below
3. Jealousy	Chickens	Gout	"Bluejay" sticketh closer than a brother
4. Briscoe	Physics	Forest re	Where's your Pyrene?
5. Mouth	Loving "Persons"	Disappointment	Don't argue with me
6. Curls	None	Excitement	Come, spread your wings
7. History	Recitations	Heart stopped beating	Ten days free trial
8. Discretion	Indiscretion	Loss of mind	Say, Simple, are you any relation to Simon?
9. Me.	Myself	"I"	I hate to say
10. Dieting	Curves	Daily dozen	Too heavy for wings to support

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

Name	First Impression	Public Opinion	Self-Estimate	Best Friend
11. Rachael Van Nice	Comely	Charming	Lovely	How'll I know
12. Eugene Walsh	Placid	Unchanged	Fair	"Damfino"
13. Laurence Wherry	Bean pole	Cuckoo	Basketeer	Cows and chickens
14. Ruth Winter	Odd	Scholar	Better than bad	Church
1. Marjorie Garretson	Keen	Not so sharp	Clever	Ardis
2. Margaret Goodwin	Silliness personified	Not quite so bad	Generous	Phi Delt house
4. Bernice Griffith	Lounge lizard	Whale of an athlete	He-vamp	A country lass
5. Mona Griffith	Know nothing	A child of destiny	Aimless	Country
6. Vivian Griffith	Shy	Debator	Useless	Phil
7. Lois Grimm	Stuck up	Rather brisk	Gilda Gray	Boone
8. Geneva Kulow	Docile	Good enough	Vamp	Milkman
9. Margaret Proctor	Bashful	Married	Nobody's fool	"Gordy"
10. Frank May	Classy	A ladies' man	Athlete	D. A. D.
10. John Larson	Good fellow	Reserved	Poet	"Overland"
11. Clinton McElyea	Reserved	Sociable	The ideal heavy duty combination	Boots

Regrettable Omission

"Cousin Henry," gasped the country visitor from Woodpecker Flats. "You just missed that man."

"Can't help it," bellowed his city relative, throwing her open another notch. "Haven't got time to go back and try again."

As a carnival was going on in England, there was only one American flag hung out over a window. A soldier had stopped and stood under the flag. An Englishwoman came along and said:

"It reminds me of cheapeandy."

Soldier: "Yes, ma'am; and it will make you sick if you try to lick it."

Lady: "Ahem."

Wife: "Ta-ta, dearie; I'll write before the end of the week."

Husband: "Good gracious, Alice, you must make that check last longer than that!"

How They Explain It in Boston

A traveler asked for a Pullman berth and was told there was a difference of fifty cents between an upper and a lower berth.

The attendant pointed out: "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower, on account of being higher. When you occupy an upper berth you have to get up to go to bed and get down to get up."—Boston Globe.

Two boys were looking at a billboard on which appeared an advertisement for grape-nuts.

"What's grape-nuts?" asked one of the boys.

"Dems the guys wot drinks grape juice," replied the other little boy.

Walker: "Have an accident?"

Rider: "No, thanks. Just had one."

SENIOR WHO'S WHO

Weak Point	Strong Point	Cause of Death	What St. Peter Will Say
11. Winning ways	Quiet manners	Brain storm	Welcome, one white sheep among the many black
12. Dates	Dancing	Concussion of the brain	As many an angel has said before, It cannot be
13. "Flunks"	Ability to occupy space	Sunstroke	You belong in a land where they don't shovel snow
14. Dancing		Speed	No cops—no speed
1. Censored	Wicked eyes	Unknown	Come early and avoid the rush
2. "Carolina in the Morning"	Pervarification	Attempting to dance	You can't dance to a lyre
4. It ain't his feet	Cheese	Wine, women and song	Page the cows
5. Heighth	Maintaining silence	Praise	Climb in through the window
6. Brains	Piety	Unnoticed	Try the fire escape
7. Fixing her hair	Whining	"Dud"	Thy face is familiar
8. Self	"Orrie"	Mush and milk	Distance makes the heart grow fonder
9. Brick top	Constancy	Swimming like a brick	I am not nearsighted
10. Basketball	Undiscovered	Black eyes	This is free. Where's your girl
11. Feet	Amiability	Cold feet	YOU can't warm your feet here
12. Repelling the fair sex	Civilizing the Sioux Indians	Contraction of feet	Welcome to the fold

No Admission

The Senator was back home looking after his political fences and was asking the minister about some of his old acquaintances. "How's old Mr. Jones?" he inquired. "Will I be likely to see him today?"

"You'll never see Mr. Jones again," said the minister. "Mr. Jones has gone to heaven."

From rags to rags:

Rags make paper.
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty.
Poverty makes rags.

"Do you take this woman till death do you part?" demanded the parson.

"Don't I get any time off for good behaviour?" retorted the groom cruelly.

Department Store—Others have cheated you, why not give us a chance?

Interrupted

"Here is a letter it would hardly do for us to publish," said the patent medicine quack. "A man writes: I have just taken the first bottle of your medicine....."

"Well?" said his partner.

"There it breaks off and is signed in another handwriting: 'Per Executor.'"

Successful

"Were you trying to catch that train, sir?" he asked pompously.

The panting, would-be passenger eyed him balefully for a second before he hissed in reply, "Oh, no; I merely wanted to chase it out of the station."

"Liza, what fo' you buy dat odder box of shoe blackin'?"

"Go on, Sambo, dat ain't shoe blackin'; dat's ma massage cream."

I hate you, gosh darn you,
I wish you had died;
You told me you loved me
And, darn you, you lied.

SENIORS AS FRESHMEN



FAREWELL

Remember, O Freshmen,
There's much before you;
Along with the pleasure,
Hard study comes, too.
Consider, O Sophomores,
Time glides quickly by;
The deed that is ended
Returns for no sigh.

Press forward, dear Junior,
Get all that's for thee;
For knowledge will help you,
On life's stormy sea.
Your kind helps, dear teachers,
Incentives have been;
We'll strive to respect you,
As women and men.

Farewell, then, dear classmates,
Our lives now shall part;
But memories of school days
Shall stay in our hearts.
Ames High shall lead us
When school calls no more,
To think of our school friends,
On whatever shore. —Velma Allen.

AT THEIR BEST IN THE ORIGINAL

George Ade was in Germany one summer and met a German professor. "Mr. Ade," inquired the professor, "have your works been translated into German?"

"No," replied Mr. Ade, "they haven't been translated into English yet."

It has been said "all crowns come late,"

But mine was early handed down,
For baldness seized my youthful pate
And gave to me a shining crown.

A horse, which an Irishman was riding caught his hind foot in the stirrup while stamping flies. Mike looked quizzically down at the foot caught in the stirrup and said, "Here now begorra, if you're going to get on, I'll get off. I'll not ride double."

GETTING AWAY WITH IT

Wife: "My dear, you've forgotten again that today is my birthday."

Husband: "Er—listen, love, I know I forgot it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."

Prof.: "Why weren't you at the lecture last night?"

Student: "I was there. I sat in the last row behind the pillar."

Prof.: "Strange, you're the twentieth one that sat behind that pillar."

Little Boy.: "I saw you kiss Sis, and if you don't give me 10 cents I'll tell."

Young man: "Here's the dime."

Little Boy: "Thanks, that makes \$3.00 I made this season."

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Phone 28

POOR THING

A lady who kept a little curly poodle lost her pet and called on the police to find it.

The next day one of the force came with the dog very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed and asked a number of silly questions, one being, "Where did you find my darling?"

"Why, ma'am," said the officer, "a fellow had him on a pole and was washing windows with him."

Ducky: "Has your car got a good pick-up."

Herm C.: "I should say it has, you should see the two I had last night."

Eb: "Mac, I saw a guy down the street that said we looked alike."

Mac: "Show him to me. I'll mash his face."

Eb: "Oh, don't bother. I killed him."

"KITTY! KITTY! MEOW!"

Mary had a little bob
 Of hair just like her own,
 And everywhere that Mary went
 That bob in glory shone.
 It followed her to school one day
 Just how, you'll never guess,
 It caught upon a naughty pin
 And clung right to her dress.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of transparent?"

Reis: "Something you can see through."

Teacher: "Right. Give me an example."

Reis: "A ladder."

"I call that dress a crime," said Hupp.

Replied his storm and strife:
 "Stop jawing, now, and hook me up!"

So he fastened the crime on his wife.

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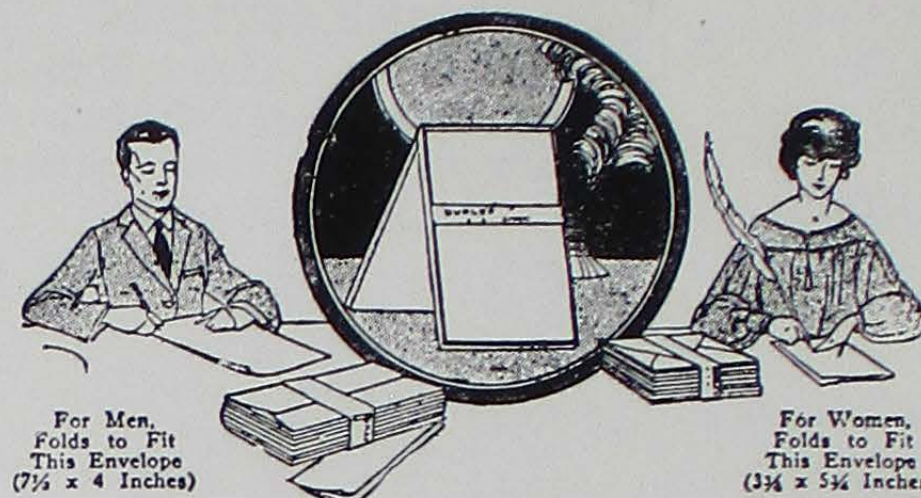
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This Envelope
(7½ x 4 Inches)

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Gray Sport Cloth
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Tuberose Linen

In the New "DUPLEX" Shape by the Pound

JUDISCH BROS. DRUG STORE

Conklin Fountain Pens and Pencils

First Freshie: "Why should a telephone linemen be a good census taker in Poland?"

Second Freshie: "You got me?"

First Freshie: "Because he knows how to go from pole to pole."

Teacher: "What happened to Babylon?"

Frosh: "It fell."

Teacher: "What happened to Tyre?"

Frosh: "It was punctured."

"You advertise your chestnuts as being uniform in quality?"

"I do."

"Well, they are not. You left the worm out of this one."

Yep, I've quit the hold up game,
I'll hang 'round joints no more.

So with a cry

And faint little sign,

The garter stretched out on the floor.

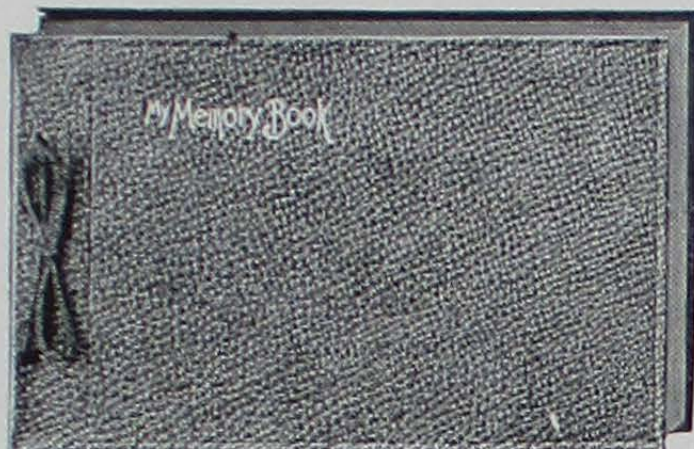
Harry & Zac

say:—

"BUY A FORD"

Put the rest in
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"LEST WE FORGET"



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Oh Man!



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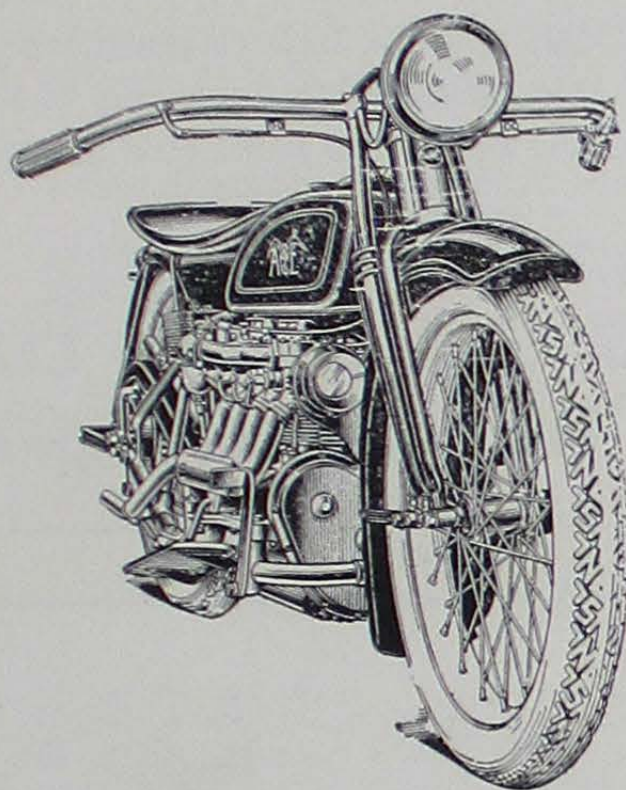
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1914, \$296,637.46	1919, \$453,616.88
1915, \$329,847.18	1920, \$610,316.59
1916, \$330,933.92	1921, \$795,288.35
1917, \$416,681.17	1922, \$980,315.40
1918, \$420,810.73	1923, \$1,037,509.13

We are proud of this growth, but we are more proud of the fact that the people of this community have had the continued confidence in this institution which has made this growth possible.

LET US SERVE YOU

Ames National Bank Ames Trust & Savings Bank

Office Boy (nervously): "P—please—sir, can I have tomorrow afternoon off—to—go—to—m—my—grandmother's—f—football match?"

Tell me not in idle numbers
Football is a piker's game,
Where the left guard often
slumbers
With a dozen on his frame.

Barney: "Darling, say the words that will make me the happiest man in the world."

Leah Belle: "Shall I really?"

Barney: "Oh, if you only would!"

Leah Belle: "Well, then, stay single."

"My dad occupied the chair of applied physics at Cambridge."

"Dat's nothing, mine occupied the seat of applied electricity at Sing Sing."

Mrs. Eve: "Does your husband remember the anniversary of your marriage?"

Mrs. Wye: "Never; so I remind him of it in January and July and get two presents."

Minister: Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?

Miss Ala Mode: "I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the fox-trot?"

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236 Main St.

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Johnny: "Dad did Moses have
dyspepsia like what you've got?"

"Dad: "How on earth do I know?
Why do you ask such a question?"

Johnny: "Well, our Sunday school
teacher says the Lord gave Moses two
tablets."

I sit alone in the twilight,
Forsaken by God and men;
And murmur over and over,
I'll never eat onions again!

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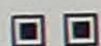


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nity.

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Lady: "You say your father was
injured in an explosion. How did it
happen?"

Child: "Well, mother says it was
too much yeast, but father says it
was too much sugar."

"If I stole fifty kisses from you,
what kind of larceny would it be?"
asked the young man.

"I should call it GRAND,"
sighed the sweet young thing, with-
out a quiver of an eyelash.

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AMES STORAGE BATTERY CO.

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How dear to my heart
Is the cash of subscription,
When the generous subscriber
Presents it to view;
But the one who won't pay
I refrain from description,
For perhaps, gentle reader,
That may be you.

Willie: "Aw, you're afraid to
fight. You're scared."

Jack: "Naw, I'm not, but if I
fight my ma'll find it out and lick
me."

Willie: "How'll she find it out?"

Jack: "She'll see the doctor go-
ing to your house."

First Flea (On a Post Toastie Box)
—"What's your hurry?"

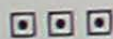
Second Flea—"Don't you see that
sign, 'Tear along this edge!'"

Undertakers—We bury others,
why not you?

Our Eye Service

Careful
Examinations

Correct
Glasses



Dr. F. E. Robinson

Exclusive Optometrist

Over the Gift Shop

Ames, Iowa

The G. T. HART
STUDIO

HAVE
ARTISTIC
RESULTS
THAT
SATISFY

Picture Framing a Specialty

This Is to Remind You That

Godard's
Gift
Shop

Is the Best Place to Buy

GIFTS AND CANDIES



210 Main Street



MOTORCYCLING

THE GREATEST SPORT
IN THE WORLD

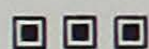


You will find, if you will investigate, that every experienced motorcycle rider in Ames and vicinity is riding a HARLEY DAVIDSON or HENDERSON.

Before you buy a motorcycle, interview some of them and ask them why and you'll ride one, too.

AMES CYCLE CO.

One of the Millions



Are you going to be one of the millions that statistics tell us live a burdened life, and pass a regretful, dependent old age? Follow the advice of true friends. Practice industry and thrift—rise above the multitude.

A savings account with us will
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Story County Trust and Savings Bank
AMES, IOWA

"Jahn & Ollier Again"

ACHIEVEMENT

The goal of every ambitious man and firm is typified in the rapid growth of the *Jahn & Ollier Engraving Company*—the universal esteem in which their art and plates are held by the large national advertisers—and the enviable reputation for prompt deliveries which they enjoy.

The mission of all advertising illustrations is to produce sales and the growth of this firm has been measured by the success its customers have had in obtaining new business thru using "J&O picture salesmen."

Thirty thousand square feet of floor space (4 floors) and over two hundred and fifty skilled employees are required to meet the constant demand for "J&O" commercial photographs, art, color process plates and photo engraving (one complete floor is devoted to color process work).

Intelligent supervision of all work by many skillful office service men eliminates your troubles. Sales service men sent everywhere.

JAHN and OLLIER ENGRAVING CO
552 West Adams Street
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TELEPHONE MAIN 3820



